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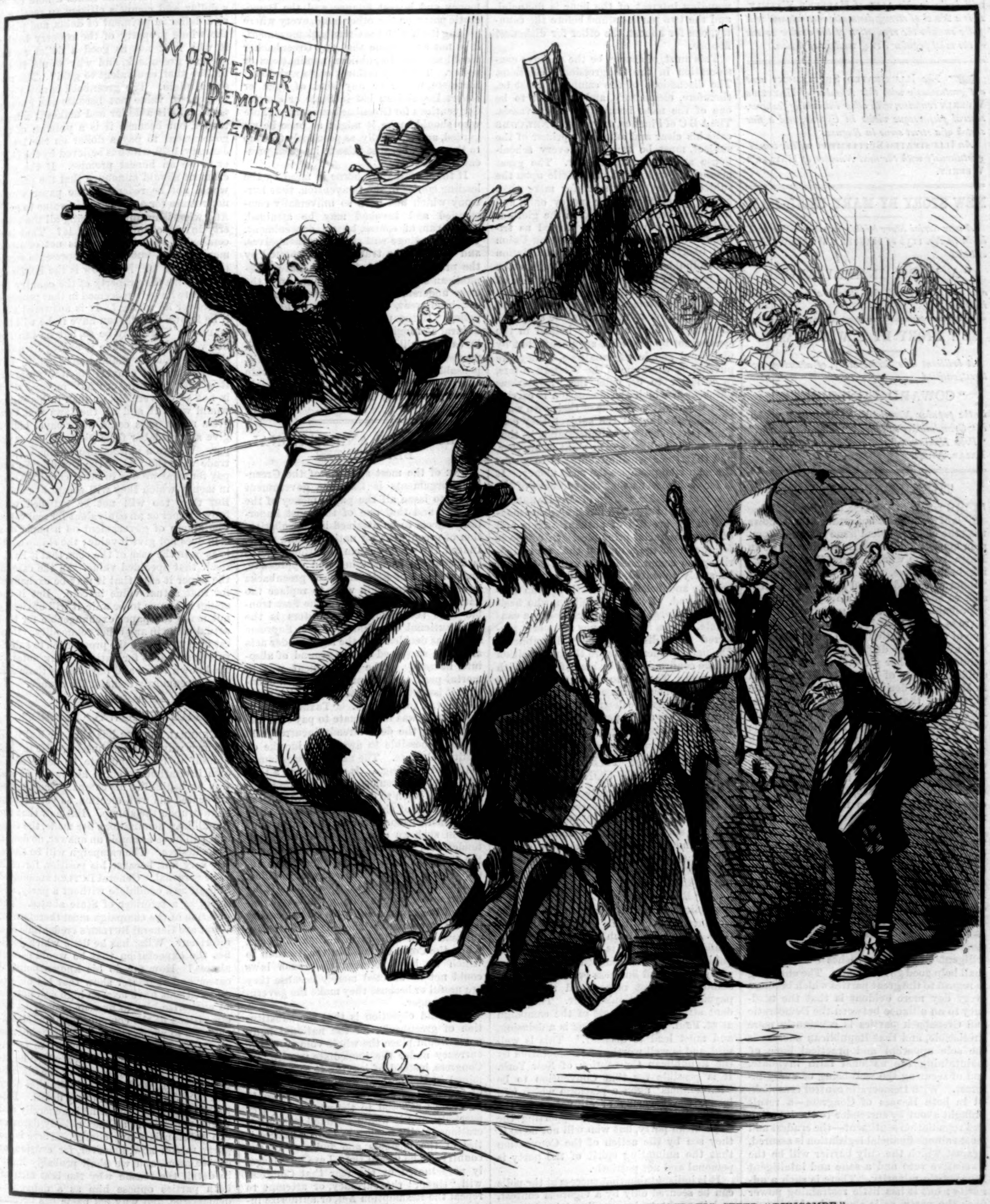

THE WELL-KNOWN TURNCOAT TRICK—THE VETERAN BUTLER ON THE TRAINED DEMOCRATIC STEED "BUNCOMBE."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, October 5, 1878.

NEW STORY BY MISS BRADDON.

Harper & Brothers *take pleasure in announcing that a new Serial Story by* Miss Braddon, *entitled*

"VIXEN,"

will begin in No. 1137 *of* Harper's Weekly. *It is a Novel of strong dramatic interest, and will fully sustain the reputation of the author as one of the most popular living writers of fiction.*

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains, with other interesting features, several picturesque views in Cyprus, and a fine sketch of a street scene in Ragusa.*

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A new Serial Story by this popular author will begin in No. 1138 *of* Harper's Weekly. *It is entitled*

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and our readers will find it to be a story of great interest.

NEW STORY BY F. W. ROBINSON.

A brilliant new Serial Story, of absorbing interest, entitled

"COWARD CONSCIENCE,"

by the popular Novelist F. W. Robinson, *author of "Grandmother's Money," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," etc., will begin in* Harper's Bazar, *No.* 42.

THE GREAT QUESTION.

THE result of the late election in Maine is of the highest importance, for it shows that the chief political issue is one of common honesty. This is made evident also in Massachusetts, where General Butler, flouting both parties, runs as an independent "Reform" candidate, and gladly takes occasion to sneer at honest money. It is very improbable that he can be elected, but that there is a chance of it is a striking illustration of the dissolution of old party relations, and of the wide demoralization of public opinion. Another guiding fact is that the sudden increase of the Greenback strength in Maine was derived from the Democratic party, and that in Massachusetts General Butler has evidently captured a large part of the Democratic vote. In both States the alliance of the Democratic and Greenback interest is partly explained by a common desire to overthrow Republican ascendency. But that none the less indicates the want of principle and perception which is the especial danger of the false-money movement.

As the question involved is nothing less than that of national honesty, and with that the welfare of industry and enterprise of every kind—as the policy of the Greenback, and fiat money, and absolute money party is the ruin of the confidence which is the essential condition of steady employment, high wages, and large undertakings—the issue of the autumnal elections is of the most vital concern to every honest and intelligent citizen who wishes that his vote shall help good government. The one thing in regard to the great parties which becomes every day more evident is that the tendency to an alliance between the Democratic and Greenback parties is constantly more irresistible, and that Republican success is the sole apparent and practical hope of maintaining the national faith inviolate, and of securing the well-being of every interest. With Democratic control established in both Houses of Congress—a result brought about by surrender to the inflation and repudiation sentiment—the crudest and most ruinous financial legislation is assured, against which the only barrier will be the Executive veto and a sane and intelligent Democratic minority. There is such a minority; but it has little restraining power over the party, as is shown by Mr. Thurman's deliberate surrender, and by the total want of response to the manly stand of Mr. Bayard. In New England, also, the Boston *Post*, the leading Democratic organ, has vainly striven to withstand the Democratic stampede for Butler, while the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, the great Western organ of the Greenback movement, hails with joy the result in Maine. On the other hand, the Greenback minority in the Republican ranks is, by the same tendency and necessity, dwindling and losing hold. Butler leaves the party because he sees that it can not be made a tool for dishonest financiering, while it is more and more plain that any attempt to restrain the boldest and most uncompromising declaration for honest money in any local contest will destroy the party strength. As Mr. Garfield well said in Boston, issues are not invented for the occasion: they grow out of the real interests and feelings of the time. It is in vain that Republicans and Democrats fence and evade upon fictitious questions and unreal traditions; the commanding interest of the hour is financial, and the two parties stand before the country, one for honest, the other for dishonest finance.

This must, of course, be the decisive consideration in the Congressional elections. The discussions of the campaign must be, therefore, elementary, and it ought to be one of the most instructive of canvasses. The A B C of Finance, as Professor Newcomb calls his clear and admirable primer of the subject, must be taught in every schoolhouse and Assembly district. The great mass of voters have thought little upon the subject. They have seen for more than half a generation paper money only, and they have heard it extolled as the glorious and gallant currency that carried us triumphantly through the war, saving Union and liberty. They hear the denunciation of bondholders as privileged aristocrats who are free from taxation. They know few of the facts. They are at the mercy of the unscrupulous statements of demagogues, and have no answer to the gibe of the shop and the street. They are to be helped in the contest not by recondite arguments, but by plain and simple explanations. They are puzzled by what one of the Western voters, in a letter to us, calls the "mysterious phrases" in which the discussion is carried on. Gradually conscious of their own want of understanding of the subject, they conclude that nobody else understands it, that one man is as likely to be right as another, and that their sensible course is to go for the man who promises the most money. It is for such reasons that the speeches of Mr. Garfield, of Mr. Grow, of Mr. Harrison, and of Mr. Blaine upon the subject are models. They are full of authentic facts and of sound financial principles. Of course it follows from the situation that no temporizing, no compromising in candidates, can be safely tolerated. It is a fight between honesty and dishonesty, and there is no middle ground. Every Republican who hesitates or falters should be discarded as a candidate, and an honest-money Democrat preferred to a dishonest-money Republican. The party tendency toward the true position can be confirmed only by identifying it with true men. To yield to the support of timid or unsound men because they are technically Republicans is to destroy that representative character of the party which is the sole chance of maintaining its ascendency.

THE DUTY OF THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

Events move so rapidly that the aspect of the political situation is constantly changing. It is evident that all good men must unite to stay the torrent of financial ignorance and recklessness that now openly threatens the country. As the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* truly says, in speaking of the situation in the State of New York, "Honest money and the efforts of a Republican Administration to restore the currency and business prosperity fill the field. The Republican party is worthy of confidence because its administration of public affairs has tended to make our currency better and business better, because it stands by honest money and the honest payment of the nation's credit. The President struck the key-note of the campaign at St. Paul. Any other issue is a delusion, and must lead to disaster." This is well said, and is well worthy of consideration by the Republican Convention of New York. It is possible for that Convention to be "harmonious" upon a platform which will insure the harmony of all voters in the State who are desirous of supporting the Republican party, but who will not do so if they see by the action of the Convention that the animating spirit of the party is personal and not patriotic.

It is indisputable that success at the polls can be secured only by a vigorous contest, and it ought to be equally plain that the contest can be resolute and promising only if conducted upon the most uncompromising principles. If there be the slightest disposition to coquet with the Greenback movement, the party will only invite defeat, and defeat with disgrace. The serious regret is that the position of the party upon the subject has not been even more decisive. It has evidently been supposed by some Republicans that the next Assembly might be controlled by the Greenback element, and that it would be "unwise" to take a very pronounced position which would probably alienate that element. But any Assemblymen that the Greenback sentiment may elect will, of course, be the most positive representatives of their mischievous doctrine, and by their small number and consequent conspicuousness in the Assembly they would be forced into an extreme position. Now with a Republican Administration openly and strongly engaged in returning to specie payments, and with the declarations of Republican Conventions on every side for hard money and honest finance, and the Democratic party, on the other hand, every where allying itself with the Greenback movement, it is not supposable that any Greenbacker would support Republican nominations or policy. The very fullness of "unwisdom," therefore, would be any kind of open or covert Republican bid in State or district Conventions for Greenback support. Those who should make it might at once be regarded, and truthfully, as peculiarly traitors to the party, because false to its great present purpose.

If these truths are borne in mind by the leading spirits of the Convention, that harmony which has been so universally commended and invoked may be attained. There can, of course, be no concealment. The proceedings will speak for themselves, and they will be truthfully interpreted by the press to the voters of the State. Republican success is desirable only upon the clear understanding that it means an honest, intelligent, and courageous financial policy. If the party recoils from its own natural and logical position, voters who are in earnest will not support a party which proves not to have the courage that is indispensable to the work. Defeat after a vain effort to succeed by a betrayal of principle would be not only deserved defeat, but destruction.

GREENBACKS AND NATIONAL BANK NOTES.

One of the most specious of the Greenback arguments is that the government ought to issue all the paper money of the country, and that one of the most important objects to be attained is the substitution of greenbacks for national bank notes. Indeed, the whole system of national banks is denounced as grinding and oppressive, and an issue of $324,000,000 of greenbacks is demanded, to begin with, to replace the national bank circulation. The first trouble that this demand encounters is the constitutional impediment. The Supreme Court has decided that the legal-tender acts are to be sustained on the ground of absolute necessity. The government was in mortal peril, and to maintain its own existence it issued the legal tenders, which were, in effect, a forced loan. "Taxation," says the Court, "was inadequate to pay even the interest on the debt already incurred, and it was impossible to await the income of additional taxes. The necessity was immediate and pressing......It was at such a time and in such circumstances that Congress was called upon to devise means......for the preservation of the government created by the Constitution. It was at such a time and in such an emergency that the legal-tender acts were passed." As was said at the time, the legal tenders were issued under the war power. The act was justified, and justified only, as the Court puts it, by a mortal exigency involving the very existence of the government. No such necessity can be now urged. There is no authority to issue legal tenders in a time of peace, while the Court declared in the decision to which we have referred that such laws could not be enacted merely because they are useful or because they make the government stronger.

A second objection is that the substitution of greenbacks for the national bank notes would place the whole volume of the currency under the immediate control of Congress, instead of leaving it to be determined in the natural way by the demands of trade. The amount of currency would be always exposed to the whims of party necessity, and it would be fixed by considerations totally foreign to the real necessities of the business and industry of the country. The "hard times" are now largely perpetuated by the fear that Congress will "tinker" the currency, or attempt to repeal the Resumption Act, or authorize inflation, and consequent general disturbance of business, by an issue of irredeemable paper money. The only safety for trade and labor is freedom from constant legislative interference. Hands off! should be the popular cry to Congress in regard to the currency. Those who live by the daily wages of their industry are vitally interested in the increase of great industrial enterprises. But the fear that Congress will do something which will affect the value of the legal tender prevents men from beginning large enterprises, because they can make no trustworthy calculations. With a constantly fluctuating currency, trade becomes a lottery, and men refuse to risk their money.

But another and radical objection to the scheme is that its real purpose, as appears from the statements of those who most warmly urge it, is an unlimited issue of irredeemable paper money. The honest supporters of the plan really think that government can make money by issuing paper notes and making them a legal tender. They ask, if the government issues a note called a dollar, and compels citizens to receive it as a dollar in payment of debts, and places the whole property of the country behind it, why is it not as good a dollar as the present greenback, and why would it not be, like that, equivalent to gold? The reason is plain. The greenback is now equal to gold in value not because the government calls it a dollar and makes it a legal tender, but because it is a promise of the government to pay a dollar on the 1st of January, 1879, which is believed by the holder to be an honest promise. If the government should announce that the promise would not be redeemed, the paper would not remain for a day equal in value to gold. And what is meant by placing all the property in the country behind it? That is a confession that the paper is not of itself money value, but that it represents something which is. Now how is the holder of a note with the property of the country behind it to have it redeemed in that property whenever he wishes? It is answered that if he knows that he can have it, he will not want it. That may be so, but he can not know that he can have it except by a distinct provision to enable him to get it. But if the paper is convertible into property, it is not "absolute" or "fiat" money. If it is not so convertible, no man in his senses would want it, and all the laws that Congress might pass could not compel him to give a day's labor for a piece of brown paper. We are a nation, also, having a great trade with the rest of the world. We can pay for what we buy in other countries only in money which they will accept as money. But they too will not be satisfied with brown paper as an equivalent for real value. The stamp of government on a paper or a coin does not give it value; the stamp merely says, in the case of the coin, that it has in itself that specified value. In the case of the paper it says that it may be exchanged for that actual value in coin. But if the stamp is known to be a lie, it will obviously not make the paper exchangeable for that actual value in any other commodity. Honest men will judge the proposition to substitute greenbacks for national bank notes by the known views and purposes of those who most strenuously demand the change.

THE WIDOW'S "PEARD."

General Butler has thus far had it all his own way in Massachusetts. He invited himself to be a candidate, he accepted his own invitation, he chose his own time and way for beginning his campaign, and he has advocated his own election, as yet without answer upon the stump. But now that the Republican nominations are made, the General will have as ample an answer, no doubt, as he desires. The campaign will be short, but very hot, because his position forces it to be personal. General Butler announced himself as a candidate without a party, and solely as a reformer of State abuses. The question of the campaign must therefore be, What are General Butler's credentials as a reformer? What has he done which justifies the expectation that he would correct abuses? How far do his known political career and character show that his objects and methods have been so high and pure as to authorize him to present himself as the one citizen of the commonwealth of Massachusetts to whom the task of purifying and elevating its government ought to be intrusted? This is the question which he invites the voters and orators of the State to consider, and we have no doubt that they will now do it justice in every detail. It is the General's boast that he is generally and vaguely accused, but that nobody dares or can substantiate any charge. There is no party reason now, however, for evasion or concealment, and we shall probably know in detail the reason why the best men of both parties oppose him as a dangerous demagogue, and why his name has become the synonym of disreputable politics.

The answers that will be made have been

foreshadowed already in the newspapers. The Boston correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* exposed at once some of his financial misstatements, which the General in replying could not successfully deny, and Mr. WILLIAM ENDICOTT, Jun., in a trenchant public letter replies in detail to the letter of General BUTLER accepting his own nomination, vigorously sifting his career as an economical reformer. The General, for instance, denounces the unprofitable enterprises in which the State has been involved, and mentions the Hoosac Tunnel road and the Hartford and Erie. Mr. ENDICOTT shows that General BUTLER voted for the tunnel in the Legislature of 1859, and never protested against the Hartford and Erie loan. General BUTLER asserts that the great illustration of State extravagance is the public buildings. Mr. ENDICOTT shows that the responsibility lies directly upon the people, and not upon either party as such. They were all authorized before the financial reaction, and must be paid for. The election of General BUTLER as Governor will not relieve the burden, nor be a guarantee against the recurrence of others like it, unless an economical Legislature be elected; and if it is, there is no need of electing the General. General BUTLER arraigns the system of "government by commission." Mr. ENDICOTT answers in a manner to open the eyes and the minds of honest voters. There are, he says,

> "fifteen commissions, of which the total cost to the State for salaries, clerk hire, and all expenses, excepting printing the annual reports, for 1877 was $132,894 60—less than the single fee that General BUTLER received for collecting the prize-money for the soldiers and sailors that captured New Orleans under FARRAGUT. When we consider the learning and varied experience given to the State by these men, many of them eminent in their several professions, and the immense amount of clerical labor of one sort and another represented by this expenditure, one is led to doubt if there is any other State in the Union that finds so much faithful service at so little cost."

The General invites economy in the military department. Mr. ENDICOTT shows that in 1876 General BUTLER appeared before the Military Committee, which was considering the reduction of the military appropriation, and strenuously opposed the reduction. The Legislature, however, did not follow his advice, and struck off $100,000. But "General BUTLER was then trying to tickle the soldiers. Now he throws over the soldiers to appeal to the larger number of voters."

It is plain that the General will have some trouble in successfully filling the part of reformer. He is, no doubt, as good a reformer as Falstaff was an old woman. But the hunt is up. Let him beware. He may wrap himself in the soiled clothes of the Democracy, and try every disguise to palm himself off as virtuous. But the quiet voter already murmurs, "By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler."

A SLANDER EXPOSED.

THERE have been some unpleasant stories of the conduct of colored people in the yellow fever districts, and there is a very general disposition to believe any such report. The Washington *Post* published an interview with a physician who had just returned from Memphis, and who said that he had been "authentically informed" that colored men nurses had taken advantage of their helpless white victims, especially women. So monstrous a tale should not have been lightly repeated, for the prejudice of race would give it wide circulation and credit. It is fortunate that the slander was immediately exposed. Mr. KEATING, editor of the Memphis *Appeal*, brands the falsehood with a generous emphasis which we gladly record:

> "No man, white or black, would be allowed to breathe a second breath after such a crime became known. No such crime has been committed, and white women have not been reduced to the necessity of taking negro men for nurses. The statement is a libel upon the negroes of Memphis. All honor to them! They have done their duty. They have acted by us nobly, as policemen and as soldiers, as well as nurses. They have responded to every call made upon them, in proportion to their number, quite as promptly as the whites. A few of them threatened trouble at one time about food, but they were at the moment suppressed by a company of soldiers of their own color. The colored people of Memphis, as a body, deserve well of their white fellow-citizens. We appreciate and are proud of them."

The frosts have been long delayed, and relief from the terrible pestilence has been very slow in coming. Meanwhile the sympathy of the whole North has been thoroughly aroused, and there has been a universal contribution for the comfort of the stricken Southerners. In every little village, as well as in the capitals and great cities, every church and society and trade has done something for the good work. The Republican Convention of New Hampshire passed a resolution of sympathy with the suffering communities in the Southern States. All this can not fail to have an effect beyond that of the immediate occasion. Prompt succor and hearty good feeling every body can understand, and it is hard to teach people to hate those who show a sincere sympathy. Indeed, all circumstances—the political situation, and now the destructive plague by the feeling that it develops—tend to bring the country closer together, and to promote that common good understanding which is the thing most to be desired.

THE MASSACHUSETTS REPUBLICANS.

THE action of the Massachusetts Republican Convention was worthy of the State and of the party. The sharp contrast of its tone and proceedings with the BUTLER assembly of the day before is significant of the real political situation. The point of the contrast is not in the difference of "respectability" in the slang sense, but in the real sense. The principles asserted by the Republicans are worthy of the respect of all honest and patriotic men; they are principles that will secure the welfare of all citizens, as well as maintain the honor of the government, the nation, and the State. The Convention laid down a platform which is the best of the year. It cordially recognized the necessity of the strongest and most unmistakable financial policy, and it sounded beyond question the key-note of victory. Let us hope that the Republicans of New York will offer the right hand of hearty fellowship to the Massachusetts brethren.

A NIAGARA MEDITATION.

THERE has been no time for a generation when the personal character of candidates was more important than it is in the elections of this year. Mere party ties are relaxed to a degree which indicates that parties are dissolving. In Massachusetts the most conspicuous and trusted Democratic leaders have openly declared that in case of a certain action of their own party, they would support the Republican nomination. This is as true of Republicans in similar circumstances, and it is consequently almost impossible to foretell the result even in quarters where there is usually no question. There is naturally great impatience of "machine politics" at such a time as this, and they can be tried only with very serious risk. It is to be hoped that the Thirty-first, or Niagara, Congressional District in this State is mindful of these facts. Two years ago a Democrat was sent to Congress from that district simply because the Republicans would not be ground in the machine. We understand that they had not a fair chance of expressing their preferences in the primaries. In fact, a little trick was played upon them which is familiar to all closely contested caucuses, and which they quietly "countered." Democrats were brought into the meetings, their party orthodoxy was attested by the machine-runners, and they supported the machine candidates. But the machine was somehow thrown out of gear at the polls.

There is apparently trouble of the same kind in that district this year, and the machine is taking the risk of sending another Democrat instead of a Republican. The Lockport *Journal* says:

> "In no locality in the United States probably have our Federal office-holders been more officious in controlling primary elections than they have been here in Niagara County. They have swarmed over the county, running caucuses, and have not only been offensively and conspicuously officious, but in violation of all rules of honor and decency have overborne an honest Republican vote by running in Democrats, and under the same influence votes have been deposited by the same person in different wards.... The magnitude of the offense is increased rather than diminished by the fact that these officials sinned against the greatest light and knowledge. They had received notice directly from the Treasury Department at Washington admonishing them not to interfere and make use of their official positions to control caucuses. Instead of respecting this admonition, they became more noisy and officious. The vote in most of the towns was very close, and no person can doubt that the action and influence of these officials were more than sufficient to turn the scale and override the will and wishes of the majority."

It is not surprising that Republicans feel no disposition to vote for a candidate nominated by Democrats; and if the facts be as stated, the election of a Democrat in the Niagara Congressional District will be apparently due to the efforts of office-holders to take political charge of the voters.

The *Journal* states unreservedly that the office-holders had received distinct warning not to interfere. They have certainly had the general warning of the order of last year, and if they have violated it, they ought to have been at once removed. Under existing laws that is the only way in which a President who wishes to correct this monstrous abuse can proceed. Those who complain that his order and consequent removal are an outrageous invasion of the rights of an American citizen, must remember that the order is issued, and should be enforced, in defense of the right of American citizens to act in their political assemblies without coercion or bribery.

BUTLER AS A "REGULAR" DEMOCRAT.

IT is evident that General BUTLER has really received the Democratic nomination in Massachusetts, although not in the most respectable manner. The regular call was issued by the State Committee; the caucuses were held accordingly, and of Democrats only, and a large majority of the delegates elected were for BUTLER. The regular majority of the Convention had a plain right to nominate whomsoever they chose. The assumption of a State Committee to declare in advance that delegates who were regularly elected should not sit in the Convention was a usurpation to which they probably did not expect submission. If they did, they were disappointed. The BUTLER mob came to Worcester with regular credentials to nominate him, and they nominated him. Unless the Democrats repudiate "home rule" and "local self-government," they must concede the "regularity" of his nomination.

But, regular or irregular, Massachusetts Democrats who have any regard for the public welfare, for political morality, and for the honor of their commonwealth, will of course vote against BUTLER. All men in that State who do not wish to see every public interest threatened will make common cause against a common enemy. Whether those who seceded nominate a separate ticket or vote with the Republicans, the result will be the same in a State where a plurality elects. Meanwhile every man who is not besotted with party spirit will see in the contrast between the Democratic Convention at Worcester and the Republican which occupied the same hall the next day the unmistakable present tendencies of politics. There are but two sides, and every thing emphasizes the fact that those who are not against all kinds of permanent shin-plaster and every tendency to inflation and repudiation, are for them. It is too late to cavil and split hairs. Let us draw the line of division more deeply.

PERSONAL.

JONATHAN BRINTON, of Washington, Iowa, got the idea that he was commissioned by the Saviour to open an inn near Jerusalem, and so become a pioneer in the work of rebuilding and Christianizing the Holy City. He was worth $20,000, half of which he gave his wife and son, who preferred a sure thing in Iowa to a speculation abroad. BRINTON went, bought several acres of desirable land two miles east of the city, built his inn, and opened it for the accommodation of tourists to the Holy Land, and has made a good thing of it. Lately he wrote home for his wife, who has finally concluded to join him in his tavern on the slopes of Judea.

—Mr. JOHN ALEXANDER, a young American artist of great talent and promise, who went abroad about a year ago for the purpose of study, has recently received the prize medal of the Munich Academy of Fine Arts for excellence in the drawing of heads. Mr. ALEXANDER was for some time attached to the art department of *Harper's Weekly*. His genial social qualities won the regard of all his associates, and all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance are glad to hear of his good fortune.

—Thursday morning, September 19, Miss JEANNETTE BENNETT, sister of Mr. JAMES GORDON BENNETT, was married to Mr. ISAAC BELL, Jun. The ceremony was performed at Fair Lawn, Mr. BENNETT's summer home, in Bellevue Avenue, Newport, the Rev. Father GRACE and his assistant, the Rev. Father CLINTON, of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, of Newport, officiating. It was a private affair, but was one of the most brilliant weddings ever celebrated in Newport, there being present a large and distinguished attendance, including Mayor ELY, JOHN TOWNSEND, General JARDINE, Mr. LEONARD W. JEROME, Judge BEDFORD, and General BUTTERFIELD, and the principal resident cottagers. M. OUTREY, the French minister, and representatives of the principal foreign legations, were also present. A magnificent wedding breakfast followed the ceremony, after which there was dancing, an orchestra having been brought from New York especially for the occasion. The rooms were decorated with flowers and plants of every description, and the whole mansion presented a very enchanting appearance. The presents were as many as they were elaborate, and it was estimated that those to be seen at Fair Lawn were worth a hundred thousand dollars. The honeymoon will be passed in Europe.

—Royalty abroad travels with not half the comfort that is attendant upon Mr. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT when he chooses to be whirled over one of the many great railways of which he is the chief owner and absolute dictator. A recent number of the Troy *Times* gives this as an example: "At half past nine o'clock this morning (Monday) a special train from Saratoga arrived at the Union Dépôt, Troy, consisting of three special horse-cars containing the horses and equipages of WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT, and the private drawing-room car of that gentleman. This superb coach is called the Vanderbilt. It is made with every possible improvement, and is probably the finest establishment of the kind in existence. The trucks are mounted on spoked paper wheels with exceptionally fine journals. The outside is painted a light orange color. On the outside are four scenes panelled in oil-colors—one representing the Grand Central Dépôt, another depicting the Falls of Niagara, another the great Fourth Avenue Tunnel, and the other the massive river bridge between Greenbush and Albany. The car is sumptuously fitted up inside with lounges, easy-chairs, desk, and sleeping berths. The upholstery and furniture are regal in style, and made of the most costly material. In the rear is a covered platform, with large windows on either side, on which some ladies were seated, viewing the scenery along the route. The occupants of the car were WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT and family and five friends. The run from Saratoga to Troy—thirty-two miles—was made in fifty-two minutes; and the time from this city to New York—one hundred and sixty miles—was to have been three hours and twenty-five minutes, or at the rate of fifty miles an hour, including a stoppage at Poughkeepsie to examine and oil the wheels. As soon as the train reached this city one of the most trusty conductors of the Hudson River Railroad approached to the rear platform, where Mr. VANDERBILT had stepped out, touched his hat, received a bow of recognition, and asked the question, 'All ready?' The railroad magnate replied, 'Yes.' The signal to the engineer was given, and the train moved on."

—Mr. P. B. HAZLETINE, who died recently in Belfast, Maine, made a very liberal and impartial disposition of his estate among different religious bodies and institutions. He bequeathed to the Belfast Free Public Library $20,000; to the Belfast and Norwich (Massachusetts) Unitarian societies, the income to be used for preaching and for aiding worthy poor, $7000 each; to the Unitarian Maine Conference, $2000; to the Congregational, Universalist, Baptist, and Methodist churches at Belfast, the interest to be used to pay for preaching, $1000 each. Upon the death of Mrs. HAZLETINE, the Belfast Unitarians and the Unitarian Maine Conference get $3000 each; the American Unitarian Association, $5000, the income to be used in supporting feeble churches; and the Home for Little Wanderers, the Orphans' Asylum, Sailors' Snug Harbor, and the Homes for Aged Men and Women, all at Boston, $1000 each.

—The Caxton Celebration was a success, resulting in a clear balance of about $6000, which has been handed over to the Printers' Pension Corporation. Two separate pensions for aged printers have been established with the funds thus acquired—the Stephenson Pension of $50 per year, and the Caxton Celebration Pension of $125 a year.

—Sir EDWARD INGLEFIELD, who has recently been at Newport, Rhode Island, with his squadron, was, in his early professional career, the subject of a pleasant incident with Queen VICTORIA. When a young officer, he had the good luck on one occasion to be particularly handy in assisting the Queen down a ship ladder. Her Majesty took a fancy to the young fellow, inquired his name, and then said, "You have helped me down the ladder; I must try and help you up it. If ever you need any special aid, let me know." Years went by, and the admiral was too smart an officer to need adventitious assistance; but at length he found himself in a hobble, since, under certain Admiralty regulations, he would be compelled, in the ordinary course of events, to accept a rank which probably would practically "shelve" him. At this juncture he found means to remind the Queen of the ladder episode. Her Majesty, who never forgets her friends or their faces, was as good as her word, and the admiral, by being sent out here as naval attaché, contrived, under some limitation exempting from the rule officers on special service, to gain his desired object.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Massachusetts Republican State Convention was held at Worcester September 18. The Hon. Thomas Talbot was nominated for Governor, and the Hon. John D. Long for Lieutenant-Governor. A strong hard-money platform was unanimously adopted.

The Massachusetts Democratic State Convention was held at Worcester September 17. The State Committee had resolved to reject the Butler delegates, but the latter took forcible possession of the hall early in the morning, and proceeded to organize. Butler was nominated with great enthusiasm. The anti-Butler delegates took no part in the proceedings, being in a hopeless minority, and the State Central Committee issued a call for another Convention, to meet at Boston September 25. The Butler delegates numbered 973 out of about 1400.

The yellow fever appears to have spent its force in the valley of the Mississippi. There is a marked decrease in the number of deaths in all the large cities, and fewer new cases are reported. But there is still great distress in the region where the fever has raged. The destitution is appalling, especially among the poor, and there should be no abatement of contributions in aid of the sufferers.

A roving band of Indians has attacked a cattle camp about twenty miles from Dodge City, Kansas, killing several men, and driving many to seek safety in the city. A band of Cheyennes is raiding through that part of the country, burning, killing, and plundering. Troops were sent promptly to the scene, and energetic measures taken to stop the outrages.

The Bank of Baltimore was entered during business hours, September 17, and robbed of over $62,000 in bonds and money.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EASTERN QUESTION: The Austrians are making considerable progress in Bosnia. Three brigades are now concentrated at Trebinje. September 19 General Zach captured two outworks on the hills before Bihacz, and repulsed a furious effort on the part of the insurgents to retake them. The fortress capitulated the same afternoon. The Turkish commander at Scutari, fearing that he would be murdered by the inhabitants, has shut himself up in a fort with a battalion of troops. It is reported that in consequence of the military bungling in Bosnia, and Austria's slow progress there, the relations between Count Andrassy and Prince Bismarck are "less intimate."

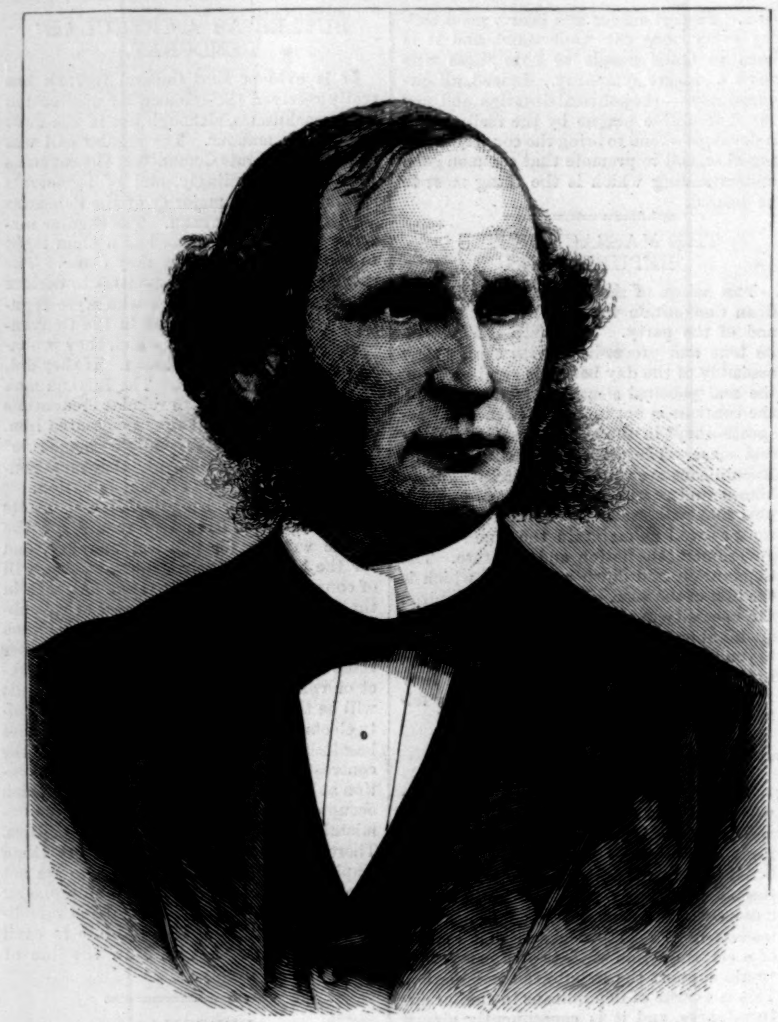
M. Gambetta made an important political speech, September 18, at Romans, in the course of which he said that the resignation of President M'Mahon would involve no danger to the republic, that his successor would be immediately nominated, and there would be no competition for the post. But, said he, the President will not resign; he ought not, and he can not. M. Gambetta eulogized the army, condemned clericalism, recommended state protection for education, and declared himself opposed to the conversion of the five per cent. rentes—a declaration which caused an immediate rise in those securities.

A recent special congregation of the cardinals decided that the Pope should not leave the Vatican unless under special overruling circumstances. Cardinal Nina is seeking to ascertain whether the German Catholics are inclined to follow party leaders or orders from the Vatican. Pending the result of his inquiries, it is understood that negotiations with Prince Bismarck will be almost suspended. The Vatican has ordered the Catholic bishops in Mexico to abstain from participation in political contests.

Rumors are rife in Hayti of an approaching rebellion. The President has appealed to the people to allow him to finish his term of office rather than expose the country to bloodshed. If the people will not listen to reason, the President will resort to the most violent means before resigning. The yellow fever was raging in Hayti.

THE REV. SAMUEL L. CALDWELL, D.D.

Having, a few weeks ago, given a portrait of the late John H. Raymond, LL.D., the first president of Vassar College, we take pleasure in now presenting to our readers an excellent picture of his worthy successor. At a meeting of the trustees of Vassar, held September 12, the Rev. Samuel L. Caldwell, D.D., was unanimously elected to fill the vacant presidency of the college. The choice was quite spontaneous, and was made by an enthusiastic rising vote. Dr. Caldwell is a native of Newburyport, Massachusetts, and is fifty-seven years of age. He is a graduate of Waterville College (now Colby University), Maine, and of the Newton Theological Seminary. At the close of his theological course he became pastor of a Baptist church at Bangor, Maine, and went from that place to Providence, Rhode Island, where he served for several years as the pastor of the First Baptist Church. A few years ago he accepted a professorship in the Newton Theological Seminary, which he has held to the present time. He is distinguished for wide and accurate scholarship, and is especially eminent in historical studies. He has been connected with institutions of learning for many years as teacher and director, thus acquiring experience which especially fits him for his new post. Add to these advantages finished manners and affable yet dignified bearing, and Dr. Caldwell seems to possess precisely the qualities required by the position he has been chosen to fill, and under his administration we anticipate continued prosperity for the college. It was a difficult matter to select a fitting successor to a president so able and accomplished as the late Dr. Raymond, and the trustees may be congratulated on having made a choice so fortunate.



THE REV. SAMUEL L. CALDWELL, D.D., PRESIDENT OF VASSAR COLLEGE.
[Photographed by A. N. Hardy.]

THE MINNEAPOLIS FAIR.

The show of cattle at the great Northwestern Fair, recently held at Minneapolis, was one of the largest and finest ever witnessed in this country. Our Western farmers are taking all possible pains to improve their stock, by importations and careful breeding and raising, and no country in the world can show finer specimens. With the unequalled facilities afforded by the vast and rich grazing lands of the Northwest, directed by intelligence and enterprise, that region has already become one of the most abundant sources for the meat supply of America and Europe. The renowned "roast beef of old England" finds a most popular rival at home in the importations from this country, and its supremacy is already on the wane. Popular prejudice, indeed, still rejects the idea that the imported beef can be as good as the native, and consequently it sells in London and other English cities at about half the price paid for the latter; but some dealers, we are informed, get over this difficulty by selling it as English beef. The larger proportion of American beef exported to England is as yet from the Southwest. The trade is enormous, and is constantly and rapidly increasing. Cattle are sent from Texas to New York by thousands, and shipped thence alive to Glasgow or London. The Northwest has already shown its ability to compete with the Southwest in this important branch of industry, but the demand abroad is so great that both sections together can hardly overstock the market.

Our illustration below shows some of the finest specimens exhibited at the fair, ranged for inspection by the President and his party.

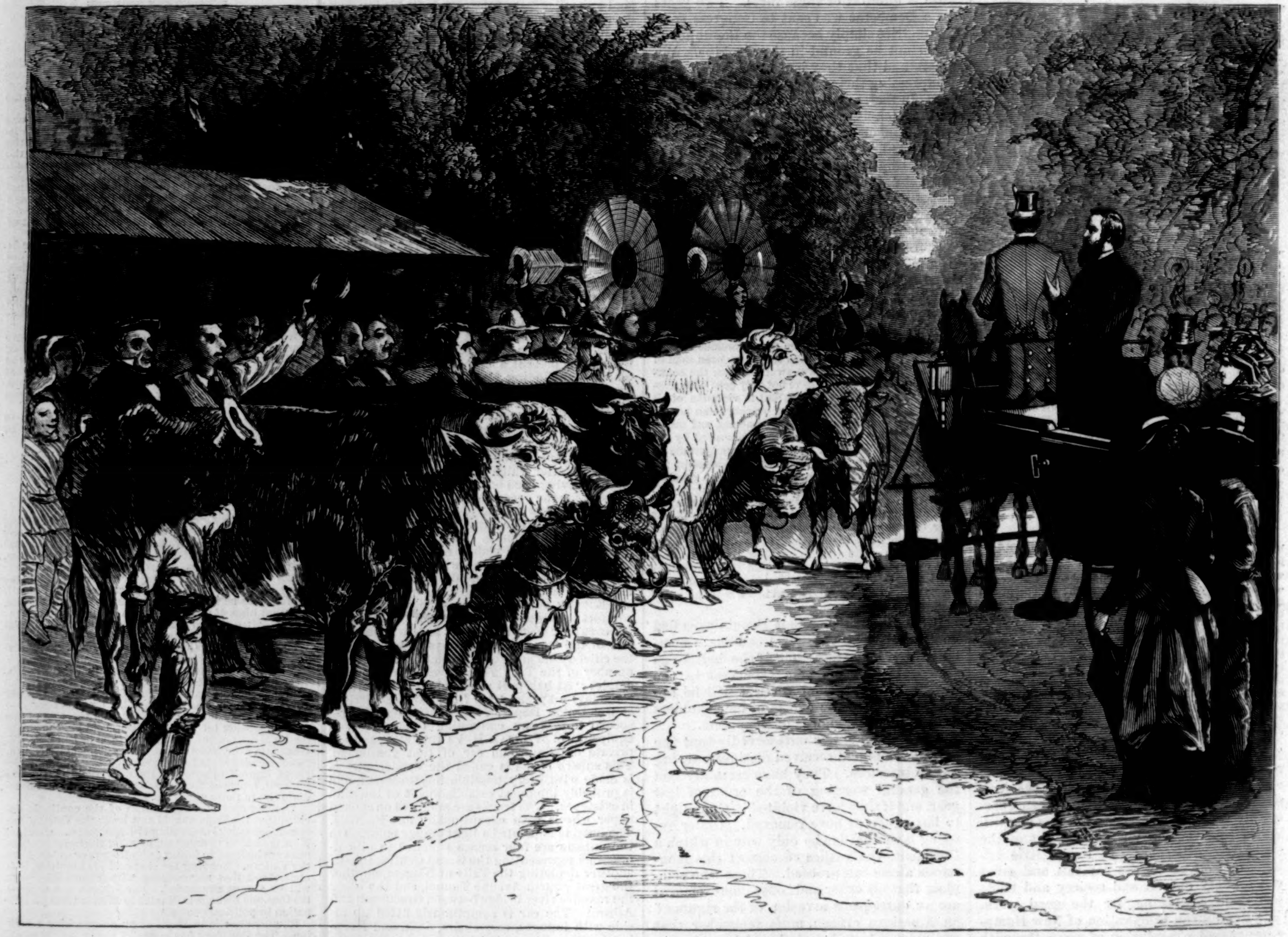
FIELD TRIAL OF DOGS.

On the next page will be found sketches made by our special artist at the field trial for dogs, held September 10, 11, and 12, at Westport Lake, in the vicinity of Sauk Centre, Minnesota, under the auspices of the Minnesota Kennel Club. The first sketch shows some of the members of the club seated round a table and engaged in an animated discussion of canine points. In the heat of argument they seem to have rested from the labors of knife and fork. The second sketch presents the appearance of the camp in the evening; and the third, a tent interior, shows how hunters and dogs manage to keep cozy and warm on a frosty night.

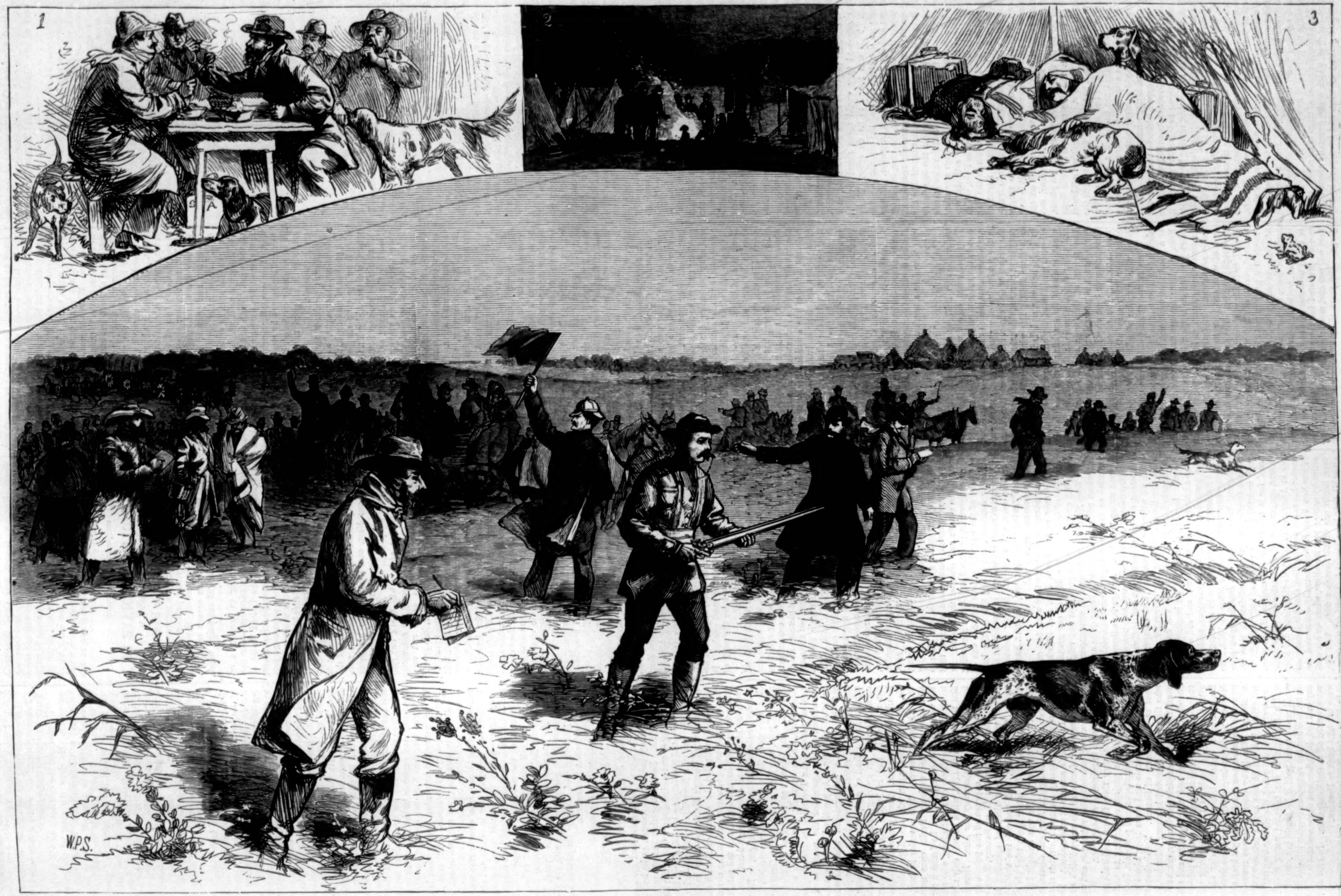
The large sketch is one of the field trials. Our artist writes in regard to it: "From our camp on the lake we started off each morning soon after sunrise. The day my sketch was made we had had a sharp frost, and the wind from the north rose with the sun. Several of the party wore buffalo-skin overcoats, one had a blanket around him, and another mighty hunter had on a rubber overcoat over his business suit, and his hunting coat over that. A hunting cap, with visor fore and aft, completed his costume. Another wore alligator leggings, the result of his shooting in the everglades of Florida. About fifteen States were represented by hunters and their dogs at the trials.

"In my sketch I have given the moment when a dog has made a point on game. They hunted two dogs at a time, each dog being accompanied by his hunter. In the foreground are the three judges, the two hunters, and the superintendent of the trial. Just back of them is Dr. Rowe, of the Chicago *Field*, in the act of putting up a red flag, indicating to the crowd behind a point of merit. Raising a white flag indicated a demerit. The crowd was supposed to keep about seventy-five yards in the rear, but such was the eager interest of the spectators to witness the exciting sport that it was difficult to restrain their ardor."

The attendance at these field trials was quite large, and the entries were numerous. As the weather was clear though sharp, the occasion was thoroughly enjoyed by all who took part in it, except, perhaps, the prairie chickens and grouse that furnished the sport.



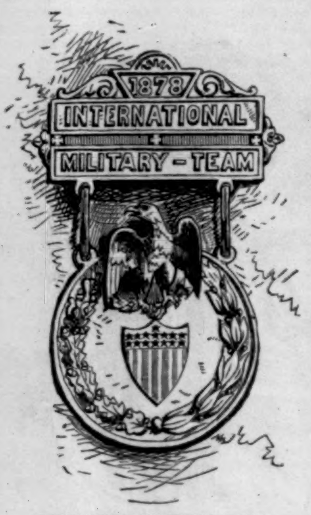
PRESIDENT HAYES AT THE NORTHWESTERN FAIR, MINNEAPOLIS—VIEWING PRIZE CATTLE.—[Drawn by W. A. Rogers.]



FIELD TRIAL OF DOGS NEAR WESTPORT LAKE, MINNESOTA.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 788.]

THE INTERNATIONAL MILITARY MATCH.

This graceful and appropriate medal, given by Colonel William C. Church, editor of the *Army and Navy Journal*, for presentation to the winners of the "International Military Match" at Creedmoor, was designed and manufactured by J. W. Hayes & Co., of Newark, New Jersey. The material is silver. There are twelve copies of this medal, one for each member of the successful team. It was won by the New York team on September 19.



INTERNATIONAL MILITARY MEDAL.

THE VINTAGE IN CALIFORNIA.

Grape culture was first introduced into California in the middle of the last century by Catholic missionaries. The pious monks had brought their native thirst from the sunny fields of Spain, and longed to quench it in California. They began by sending for large numbers of Spanish and French cuttings, which, however, were found not to thrive when planted. They grew, but bore little fruit, and that only at intervals. Finally, a ship which brought the monks their regular supplies had some fine raisins on board. One of the missionaries planted the seeds, and the experiment succeeded; the vines flourished to admiration, and bore superb grapes. Large plantations were then begun with the aid of the Indians at the Mission of San Gabriel in Los Angeles County.

The grape originally planted by the missionaries is called Los Angeles, and was the only one cultivated in California up to the year 1820. At that date a new variety was introduced in the Sonoma Valley, believed to have been brought from Madeira. The new variety, and the old one of the missionaries of Los Angeles, are also known as Mission or California grapes, and still constitute two-thirds of the yield of the State. New varieties have been introduced, partly from Europe, especially Germany, and partly from the Atlantic States. At the present time some two hundred kinds of grapes are raised in California.

The intelligent and workman-like culture of the vine, and the management and sale of its products, are of recent date in this State. The long experience of other countries is yet wanting, so that grave difficulties are still encountered. Fully one-half the vines are in the lowlands, as it was supposed they would there stand drought best. This was found to be an error. Every where on the steep hills of the interior the vine grows and flourishes without irrigation. It was formerly the custom to water the vine, but every where the practice is being generally abandoned, as it is not only unnecessary, but harmful to the vigor of the vine, and also spoils the fine flavor of the wine. Once fairly rooted, the vine stands the long summer droughts better than any other plant; but if taught to depend on artificial watering, it is divested of its natural instinct, which directs it to send its pump-root down to the line of perpetual moisture. The superior flavor of mountain wines is tending unmistakably to transfer the culture to the cheap and ample ranges where the gold mines are situated; for it is now fully ascertained that the vines planted on the slopes of hills, as in France and Germany, succeed far better than the vineyards on open plains.

In California the vine suffers but little from caprices of the weather. It is neither mildewed nor storm-stripped, nor does it need to have the leaves pulled to give the sun a chance to ripen the grapes. Stakes are used but a short time, for the vine soon acquires such strength of stem that they may be dispensed with. Neither are the vine diseases of Europe known here. But a microscopic grasshopper, hitherto infesting the alfilerilla grass, has in some localities, as at Cache Creek and Sonoma, begun to leave the grass as it dies, and to take to the vine, resting by day under the leaf, and by night destroying the upper side. It destroys the bearing power, and, unless driven off, finally kills the vine. Fortunately, however, the evil has not been so great as to cause alarm or to bring about the invention of remedies. The soil of Southern California, in almost all districts, is strong in the elements required by the vine, being more or less volcanic. In the third year the vine begins to be profitable, and in the sixth and seventh years it becomes a strong bearer, needing no protection in winter.

The average number of vines to an acre is about nine hundred, which make generally about eight hundred gallons of wine, and twenty of brandy from the residue. Grapes are usually bought by the wine-maker, and delivered at his press, clean, for about seventy-five cents per hundred pounds. In one thousand pounds scarcely one pound is found to be rotten. This results in a great saving of labor beyond what is customary in the most favored places of Europe. Besides, it is an earnest that the wines are better, for where there is a large proportion that needs to be culled out, there is much which is not perfect passed to the press as not being quite imperfect enough for rejection. When the picked grapes are brought to the press-house, they ought to be crushed immediately, and not left standing even overnight. This operation is a simple one, and is usually performed by treading the grapes, as illustrated in our double-page engraving, or by a crushing machine. The crusher is by no means a complicated arrangement. It consists mainly of three cast-iron cylinders; two of them of even size roll against each other; the third one is on top of the two others, and fluted, so as to take hold of the bunch and press it down to the two lower ones. These latter have very small projections, like a waffle iron, so as to crush the grapes, but not the grape seed, which would injure the taste of the wine. With this machine two men can easily crush five thousand pounds of grapes in a day. Opinions differ much in Europe with regard to crushing grapes by machinery or by the feet. It is generally conceded, however, that cylinder crushing is as good as treading if it does not crush the seeds.

California produces much sparkling wine, or "American Champagne," as it is frequently called. The process of making it, which differs considerably from the more simple manufacture of still wines, is described by Mr. Charles Nordhoff in his admirable book on Southern California, published by the Harpers, as follows: "The white wine from various vineyards is so mixed that fifty or even a hundred and fifty thousand gallons are obtained of precisely the same quality. This wine is then run into vats, from which, being first carefully tested with the saccharometer, it is decanted into bottles. These are placed on racks in a warm room, where the process of change in the wines begins which makes them sparkling and effervescing. Both the filling and corking are done by machinery. When the wine has begun to clear itself, the bottles are placed cork downward, and the sediment is gradually deposited near the cork. In the next process a man takes each bottle gently in his hand and cuts the string which confines the cork, holding the bottle in a little closet. Out goes the cork, and with it the whole sediment and a very little wine. Now it is passed to another hand, who pours in a small fixed quantity of sirup made from rock candy; the next man puts the bottle under an engine, which rapidly corks it; the next wires it; and then it is carried to a lower apartment, where we saw sixty thousand bottles on racks with their noses slanted toward the ground. Here each bottle is slightly shaken in the rack once a day for six weeks by men who wear wire masks to save their eyes when a bottle explodes. They lose about four per cent. by breakage in this process; and when this is done the wine is clear, and, after 'seasoning' for three or four months, is 'complete,' or fit for consumption."

Of the still wines produced by California the Hock is of a bright straw-color, somewhat variable in bouquet and quality according to the place of growth, varieties of grapes used, and the skill of the producer; but it is generally far stronger, more fiery, and more apt to intoxicate the unwary than the Rhine wine. It is smoother, but has little of the exquisite bouquet of the Rhine wines and their enlivening and exhilarating qualities. Of all the wines of California, this is most popular in the Atlantic States, and is sometimes sold for imported wine. The port, produced principally in Los Angeles, is dark red, strong, and sweet, very probably made so by the addition of sugar and alcohol, like its European namesake. Angelica is a sweet wine, and a favorite among ladies. It is not a pure wine, as alcohol distilled from grapes is added to it, and it is therefore a much stronger wine than many suppose.

The manufacture of sparkling wines was first undertaken in 1837 by the brothers Sansevain. They and some others who turned their attention to the subject suffered great loss in numerous experiments, which resulted at last, however, in the production of a good sparkling wine from the grapes of California. The Buena Vista Company have pursued this enterprise with great success since 1863. The wine is rather too heavy in body, however, and lacks the lightness and ethereal qualities of the best imported sparkling wines, as also of the sparkling Catawba, Concord, and other varieties made in the Atlantic States. The prices of California wines fluctuate very much, but it is probably the only country where wine has ever been cheaper than milk. A few years ago a gallon of ordinary wine could be bought for thirty cents at Anaheim and Los Angeles, while a gallon of milk cost fifty cents.

Wines mature quickly in the warm, dry atmosphere of California, and in three years will arrive at a point that could not be attained in eight in Europe. Thus dealers usually hold it until the third year before tapping it for sale. The Californian wines contain so little acid that they are easily preserved. In France three hundred gallons of wine and four to five gallons of brandy are made per acre. The predominance in Europe is acid, in California, saccharine matter. In one hundred pounds of California must there are from twenty-five to forty pounds of sugar; in Europe, fifteen to twenty pounds. In California no doctoring is done, no flavoring, no coloring, and no sweetening, but some brandy from the same grape is added to some of the sweet wines. Nothing can be procured for the process of adulteration that will not cost more than the pure juice of the grape. For years there has been no failure of the grape crop in California, and there are vines seventy years old at the Mission as healthy and fruitful as ever.

The wines of California resemble those of Spain, Hungary, Greece, and Cape Constantia, rather than those of France, Italy, and Germany. But probably American producers will not arrive at the best kind of wines until they cease to strive for the imitation of foreign wines, and strike out boldly for the manufacture of new kinds which will better bring out the excellences with which nature has no doubt enriched the grape in this peculiar climate.

AN ENGLISH ESTIMATE OF THOMAS NAST.

The following paragraphs are taken from an appreciative paper in a recent number of *The Week*—a London literary and political journal. Mr. Nast, who has spent part of the summer abroad, has returned home in season to take a hand in the exciting political campaign which has just opened:

"There is now sojourning in London a remarkable, indeed a representative man—the caricaturist, *par excellence*, of the United States of America. So little does the average Briton know, or perhaps care to know, of the prominent personages of that country, that the name prefixed to this article will in all probability be unfamiliar to him. He never heard of Thomas Nast or of his doings. Yet both have attained a peculiar and noteworthy celebrity with thirty millions of English-speaking people on the other side of the Atlantic. Question any ardent American politician about Nast, and, according to his party predilections, he will either express fervent admiration or intense dislike. Ask an Irishman of the coarser sort, and he will break out into double-shotted abuse. Commonly the sentiment obtained from non-politicians would run very much as follows: 'Oh, Tom Nast, Sir, he's *great!* beyond dispute the best known and most popular of our caricaturists. The other fellows can't hold a candle to him.' How this position was achieved we propose to set forth in the present article.

"During the last two years of the American civil war there appeared in *Harper's Weekly* many engravings which presently attracted public attention. Besides depicting imaginatively the various phases of that tremendous conflict, the drawings often partook of a politico-allegoric character, being partisan, or rather patriotic, appeals to the people of the Northern States. They were, so to speak, at once poems and speeches, arguing the case to the eye, always forcibly, and sometimes conclusively. These broad, bold, striking pictorial presentments did the work of many words, and with a directness and eloquence which no words could convey. They were serious and dramatic, like the times. Although hastily produced, and for temporary purposes, and by no means faultless either in design or execution, these cartoons, as they were popularly termed, evinced much originality of conception, freedom of manner, lofty appreciation of national ideas and action, and a large artistic instinct—in short, that combination of merits which might well deserve the praise implied by the word genius. It was soon understood that they were the work of a young artist named Thomas Nast."

After giving an account of Mr. Nast's boyhood and early experience as an artist, with which our readers are already familiar, the writer refers to his visit to Europe in 1860, and then continues:

"Immediately he began to paint pictures in oil, suggested by his Italian experience; but the commencement of a much greater struggle soon attracted his heart and mind toward it, and, in the year 1862, he originated the remarkable series of illustrations already spoken of as appearing in *Harper's Weekly*. 'It was the secession war,' writes Parton, in his book on *Caricature and other Comic Art*, 'that changed him from a roving lad, with a swift pencil for sale, into a patriot artist, burning with the enthusiasm of the time. *Harper's Weekly*, circulating in every town, army, camp, fort, and ship, placed the whole country within his reach, and he gave forth, from time to time, those powerful emblematic pictures that roused the citizen and cheered the soldier. In these early works, produced amidst the harrowing anxieties of the war, the serious element was of necessity dominant, and it was this quality that gave them so much influence. It was not till the war was over, and President Andrew Johnson began to "swing round the circle," that Mr. Nast's pictures became caricatures.'

"Very savage caricatures they were, too, comparable only to the fierce, free, and ferocious sketches of Gillray in the days of our grandfathers, but untainted by his grossness and vulgarity. Soon Nast became a power in contemporary American politics, his cartoons being quite as influential as the most impassioned editorials or fervent stump speeches. Always he adhered to the Republican or Free-soil party, and poured an unceasing stream of contempt and indignation upon all attempts at reaction and compromise with the South involving any surrender of the great principles upon which the war had been waged. Inevitably, therefore, he became an ardent admirer of General Grant, and did a great deal toward elevating that victorious soldier to the Presidency in 1869, as also in securing him another four years' tenure of office in 1873. So unsparing, indeed, were his attacks upon poor Horace Greeley, the rival candidate (a man utterly unfitted for the post, and only brought to 'run' for it through an anomalous, if not scandalous, conjunction of circumstances conceivable but in American politics), so ridiculous did Nast render his many peculiarities, that his henchmen of the New York *Tribune* actually denounced the artist by name; and its editor, when on his canvass, began one of his speeches with, 'You see, after all, that I am *human*.' Grant, on the other hand, paid as significant a compliment to his champion; for when some very foolish person asked him whom he regarded as the most notable person developed by the war, he shrewdly replied, 'I think Thomas Nast.'"

After describing the well-known *régime* of the "Tammany Ring," the writer speaks thus of Mr. Nast's part in its destruction:

"He scourged the criminals as with a whip of scorpions. He drew the chief of the gang so often and so villainously that Tweed's very confederates began to be ashamed of being seen in his company. Tweed himself declared that he was getting to look like his counterfeit presentment. That coarse obese figure, those insolent moony eyes, that ridiculous enormous diamond in the shirt front, glared at you from every street corner, and became identical in the public mind with Fraud incarnate—cynical, remorseless, insatiable Rascality. His confederates fared as ill under the artist's pitiless pencil. And thus sufficient public indignation was created to destroy 'the Ring.'

"Tweed, its chief, is said to have characteristically remarked that he didn't care for the attacks of the press—his supporters never *read;* but they couldn't help seeing those —— pictures, and being influenced by them. Naturally 'the Ring' tried to suppress Nast. He was confidentially informed, on one hand, that if he persisted he would be imprisoned on various charges of libel, and every legal device employed to effect his ruin, while, on the other, a sum of $500,000 (£100,000) had been 'made up,' and was lying ready for his acceptance at a certain bank in New York, on condition that he went to Europe for three years. 'The Ring' had its own judges; but the brave and honest artist refused, and plied his pencil as industriously and unsparingly as before. The result has already been mentioned. Tweed died in jail, a broken man, and his accomplices became vagabonds and fugitives on the face of the earth.

"Since that date Nast has wrought steadily at his art, commonly producing two or more large drawings weekly, and incidental small ones...... His daring in attacking not only politicians, the press, and individuals, but also national vices and follies—making 'Uncle Sam' directly responsible for them, and depicting him in odious and ridiculous lights—argues the highest moral courage, and has, indeed, sometimes seriously but temporarily diminished the circulation of *Harper's Weekly*. No English caricaturist has ever fallen so foul of John Bull as Nast has of Brother Jonathan. His enemies say that he is brutal, but such abuses as he has had to deal with are best handled without gloves. Nast is the natural outcome of American institutions."

SWINDLING ADEPTS.

One Leonhard Thurneiser tried his swindling skill upon the Elector John George of Brandenburg, with very indifferent success, as he had to fly for his life. Berlin altogether was not propitious to adepts and their doings. One of the last of the class, Caëtano (styling himself Count Ruggiero), the son of a Neapolitan peasant—a kind of precursor of Joseph Balsamo—after having successfully swindled the courts of Munich and Vienna, came to a premature end in the city on the Spree in 1709, being hanged on a tall gallows ironically plastered all over with gold-leaf.

John Frederick Böttger, or Böttiger, or Böttcher, who gave the world Meissen porcelain instead of gold, was born at Schleitz, in Germany, in 1682. His father was master of the mint at Magdeburg, which naturally directed the attention of young John Frederick to metallurgical researches, which again led the youth to the study of alchemy. Apprenticed to an apothecary at Berlin, a distinguished pharmaceutist named Zorn, he secretly pursued his alchemistic studies in the dead of night, using his master's chemicals with no sparing hand. Being found out at last, he fled in 1699. Starvation drove him back a year after. Zorn generously forgave his delinquencies, upon his sacred promise to drop alchemy forever. This promise he broke, of course, and had to leave Berlin once more. He went to Wittenberg, where he found a protector in Prince Egon of Fürstenberg, who took him to Dresden in 1701, when he was only nineteen, and built a laboratory for him. Here he experimented at the expense of his patron, and of the Elector Augustus II. of Saxony, King of Poland, who at last got tired of spending his money for nothing, and pressed the would-be adept so hard that the latter again tried his old game of running away. He was brought back, however, and the indignant Augustus demanded, in the most peremptory manner, a written statement of Böttcher's scheme of gold-making. The interesting youth furnished his angry Polish Majesty with a long, unintelligible rigmarole, and was forthwith sent to prison in consequence.

Now at this very time Count Tschirnhausen had conceived the project of turning to useful account, for the manufacture of porcelain, borax, etc., certain minerals and clays lying about unused in some parts of Saxony. Tschirnhausen, who thought he detected in young Böttcher, beneath the crust of empiric charlatanry, much solid chemical knowledge and vast ingenuity and aptitude, begged the elector-king to hand his prisoner over to him. As early as 1705 the young man found that a certain brownish-red clay about Meissen would produce a finer and more durable porcelain than his new chief had as yet been able to obtain. The lucky discoverer was rewarded with rich gifts, but he was kept a prisoner under strictest watch and guard, the elector-king having still a notion that the talented young chemist could really make gold if he would but choose to do so. When the victorious Swedes invaded Saxony in 1706, Böttcher and three assistants of his were packed off to the Königstein. In 1707 they were brought back to Dresden.

In 1708, after Tschirnhausen's death, Böttcher succeeded him as administrator of the porcelain manufacture. The year after, he discovered the white porcelain clay. Detected, some ten years later on, in a treasonable correspondence with certain parties in Berlin, it would have gone hard with him, had not death stepped in to shield him from the penal consequences of his offense. He died on the 13th of March, 1719, in his thirty-eighth year.

The last would-be transmuter of metals, with a brief allusion to whom this paper is brought to an appropriate close, was Dr. James Price, an English physician, who declared before the Royal Society of England that he had discovered a red and a white transmutation powder, which would convert the baser metals into silver and into gold. Hard pressed for explanations and details in support of his bold assertion, he—poisoned himself in the year 1783.

In our own time promoters of more or less limited joint-stock swindles have successfully taken the place of the cheats who impudently paraded before the world as adepts and professors of a great and glorious science.

THE BIRD AND THE CAGE-BUILDER.

Wait, little Bird,
  On your emerald tree;
Stay, darling bird,
  And keep singing to me,
While your cage I build,
While your cage I gild.

Sing, heart of song,
  Your bewildering glee;
My task is long:
  Love, keep singing to me,
Till your cage I build,
Till your cage I gild.

So evening falls
  O'er the darkling tree,
And voice appalls
  Sighing—sighing to me,
"Why building so late?
The Bird does not wait."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

OCTOBER.

Sunday, 6.—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 13.—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
Friday, 18.—St. Luke.
Sunday, 20.—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 27.—Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday, 28.—St. Simon and St. Jude.

A question of some importance has been raised in England—viz., "Whether Catholics can with good conscience serve as members of school boards." It will be remembered that the propositions relating to public education in the syllabus of errors issued by Pius IX. have, among other references, one to a letter of that Pope to the Archbishop of Freiburg. The letter is not easily accessible, and a translation of it by a correspondent of the London *Tablet* is, therefore, very opportune. "Wherever," says the letter, "in whatever places or regions, the most pernicious project is either undertaken or perfected of expelling the authority of the Church from schools, and the young are unhappily exposed to injury in the matter of faith, then the Church not only ought to strive with her utmost effort, and spare no pains that the young should have education and necessary Christian instruction, but is also under the obligation to warn all the faithful, and to declare to them that *such schools, directed against the Catholic Church, can by no means in conscience be frequented.*" Bishop Alemany, of San Francisco, in threatening to withhold the sacraments from Catholics who send their children to public schools, is but following in the line of procedure marked out by the late Pope. For all this, Catholics do serve on English school boards, though some of them have scruples about it.

For three times successively the National Conference of the Unitarians of the United States has met in Saratoga, the session usually beginning the third week of September. The session is always an agreeable one socially, but earnest discussion of vital questions is also a leading feature. This year—1878—is the Conference year, and the delegates assembled at the prescribed time with a large attendance of visitors. Hon. E. R. Hoar was elected president. This organization has existed since 1865, and, including the present session, has met eight times. Its functions are advisory only. Its faith is contained in the ninth article of the Constitution, which is in these words: "Re-affirming our allegiance to the Gospel of Christ, and desiring to secure the largest unity of spirit and the widest practical co-operation, we invite to our fellowship all who wish to be followers of Christ." During the intervals between the sessions of the Conference it is represented by a council of eleven members. The number of Unitarian church members is not accurately known, as no public record of them is made. There are 382 ministers and 362 societies registered in the Year-Book.

The Episcopal Church Congresses in England and the United States meet in the same month. The former is much the larger assembly, the attendance reaching usually four or five thousand persons. The Protestant Episcopal Church Congress will be held in Cincinnati, October 15-18. The introductory address will be delivered by the Rev. T. U. Dudley, D.D., Assistant Bishop of Kentucky. The topics to be discussed are: "The Interpretation of the Bible in Relation to the Present Condition of Learning and Science," "The Novel in its Influence upon Modern Life," "The New Testament Doctrine of Absolution," "The Sunday Question," "Mutual Relations of Labor and Capital," "Christ in Personal Life." Dr. De Koven reads one of the papers on "Absolution," and the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt and the Hon. B. E. Greene read papers on the "Relations of Labor and Capital." The English Church Congress meets this year in Sheffield, October 1-4. It will, for the sake of convenience, sit in two sections, at the Albert Hall and the Cutlers' Hall. A paper, which will be of much interest to many, on "The Just Limits of Comprehensiveness in the National Church," will be read by the president of the English Church Union. Miss Whately is announced to read a paper on "Woman's Work in the Church;" the subject of "Simony" will also be discussed. The *Rock*, of London, prints the names of the essayists and speakers who belong to the evangelical school in italic type—a little fact which indicates how tightly party lines are drawn in the Church of England.

The Universalist General Convention, which is an annual body, meets this year in Providence, Rhode Island, October 23. The occasional sermon will be preached by the Rev. C. H. Leonard, of Massachusetts. The Convention represents 23 State Conventions, 912 parishes, 44,000 families, and 35,395 members. The parish property above all indebtedness is $6,978,110. The ministers are 722 in number.

The negotiations between Prince Bismarck and the Papal Nuncio at Kissingen turn on two points: Can a *modus vivendi* between the empire and the papacy be established without the abrogation of the May laws? If the laws can not be annulled, can their application be so modified as to make them—at least to the extent of some of their provisions—practically inoperative? The Church has heretofore insisted that obedience to the May laws is impossible, that she can not recognize a tribunal composed of laymen to try ecclesiastical causes, and that appointments to spiritual offices can not be made without her concurrence, and especially that she can not tolerate priests elected by a congregation. The expulsion of the religious orders will present another difficulty as formidable as the others noted.

The latest report is that the May laws will remain in force, but that a declaration will be issued in relation to their execution. No conclusions have, as far as is known, been reached as to the exiled bishops and the priests.

A conference for the discussion of the second coming of Christ will be held in the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York, October 30 to November 1. The Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jun., Mr. Moody, and others are expected to take part in it. Thirty years ago the interest in the immediateness of the expected coming of Christ grew to the proportions of a wide-spread excitement, attended with some follies and disasters. The "Adventists," who now distinctively represent this expectation, are an active body, and carry on an energetic propagandism in Europe. Dr. Cumming, of London, is still an exponent of this faith, which has within a few years received the adhesion of Mr. Moody and other well-known preachers.

The estimates of the strength of the three great parties in the German Parliament vary somewhat, but substantially agree. The supplementary elections have been held, and the reckoning can now be made with completeness. The Conservatives are computed to be 117; the National Liberals, 107; the Central or Catholic party, 105. The ultramontanes, however, claim that enough Poles and Alsacians will act with them to raise their strength to 129 votes. The Progressists or advanced Liberals number 26; the Socialists, 9, which shows a gain by the supplementary elections. Besides these are eight scattering votes. No one party will control the Parliament; the government must, therefore, in order to carry its measures, effect a combination of two of them. Among the members are twenty-one Catholic priests and one Protestant minister.

On September 17 Prince Bismarck delivered an energetic speech in support of the bill prepared by the Federal Council for the suppression of Socialism. He and his government were charged by an opponent of the bill with having had friendly associations with Socialist leaders. The charge was denied. The measure was referred to a committee.

"The Lawyers of St. Peter" are a new guild, but one which already counts 600 members, and expects to count many more. Its formation shows the purpose of the papacy to guard the Church by every resource known to civilization. Its function will be "to defend by legal means the rights of the Church and of the Holy See, and to procure stanch defenders for the Catholic cause all over the world by the union of really Christian lawyers." The plans adopted will be (1) the establishment of a journal to be known as *The Annals of the Lawyers of St. Peter*, and (2) a Congress in Rome on January 18, 1879. This society was approved by Pius IX., and has been raised by Leo XIII. to the rank of a canonical institution. The invitations for the Congress in Rome have already been issued.

Since May 1 600,000 portions of the Holy Scriptures have been distributed at the Paris Exhibition in twenty-two languages. It is to the credit of the Parisian authorities that they have given permission for the employment of Bible colporteurs at all the entrances outside the Exhibition grounds. It is expected that the distribution will reach 1,000,000 copies by the time the Exhibition is closed.

At the election for members of the New Haven School Board, the nominations for which were noted in this Intelligence last week, the Protestants and Roman Catholics voted on the same side, and carried the "Bible ticket," for the restoration of religious exercises in the public schools of the city, by a majority of 2900. A great wrong has thus been righted.

Mr. Rassam, the successor of the late George Smith in the exploration of Assyrian antiquities, has delivered his collection to the British Museum. He has obtained over 1000 specimens of cuneiform writing; some of the inscriptions date back as far as nearly 900 years before Christ.

Several years ago Captain Pratt, of the United States army, undertook the civilization of the Indians confined in Fort Marion, Florida. The experiment was so successful that fifteen were transferred to Hampton, Virginia, where they were placed under the care of General Armstrong. Here again the work of education has prospered; so much so that Captain Pratt is about to bring fifty Kiowas, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes, with the consent of their chiefs, to Hampton. As many Indian girls will also be selected for training in civilized life. Captain Pratt has been detailed by the government to assist General Armstrong at Hampton, and will be a most valuable assistant. The aid of the charitable will be needed to the extent of $10,000 in carrying out this experiment.

The appointment of a day of intercession for missions is now generally concurred in by Anglican Churches. The Archbishop of Canterbury has notified the senior bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of this country of the selection of the 30th of November for this purpose, *the present year*. For succeeding years the bishops at Lambeth have recommended the Tuesday before Ascension-day.

According to an English paper, seven suits have been brought since 1874 for the purpose of restraining ritualistic clergymen. Of this number two only have been successful; five have failed. In one of the two successful suits the Privy Council decided, on appeal, that it is illegal to have a fixed or movable cross on or over a communion-table. Very little respect, however, is now paid to this decision; in the other (St. Peter's, Folkestone) the Privy Council condemned "the use of vestments, the crucifix, and wafer bread," but did not condemn the eastward position of the clergyman at the communion-table. The greatest failure of a suit is the recent one (already noticed in this column) brought against Mr. Mackonochie.

At the General Conference of the Wesleyans of Canada, held in Montreal, a system for transferring preachers from one Conference to another was adopted. Transfers may be made for six or nine years, with the privilege of return. The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada, sitting at Belleville, adopted the "Hymnal" of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. This Church has one bishop, the Rev. Albert Carman, 274 ministers, and 27,285 members.

Five thousand dollars have been offered to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions for the founding of a mission in the region last explored by Mr. H. M. Stanley—the valley of the Congo.

The proportion of Roman Catholic to Protestant papers in the entire world has not been accurately determined, but, according to the London *Academy*, a bookseller of Würzburg has examined Catholic journalism in Protestant and Catholic countries. Of the 13,960 newspapers in Europe, only 937, or 1 in 14, are Roman Catholic. Belgium has 154 Catholic papers out of a total of 250. Great Britain has 42 Catholic journals out of 2500, and France 42 out of 2000. The Parisian circulation of Roman Catholic newspapers is set down at 6000; while the *Univers*, it is stated, circulates only 7000 copies in all France. In Germany 1 paper out of 14 is Catholic; in Austria, 1 out of 13; in Italy, 1 out of 7; in Spain, 1 out of 8. North America is credited with a total of 113 Catholic papers out of a total of 8500; while South America out of 1000 has only 11 to represent the Catholic faith. These figures, if tolerably exact, show that Catholics are not, if left to their own bent, much inclined to journalism; that in Protestant countries they are led to it largely by Protestant competition.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A suggestion has been made to attempt the destruction of the germs of yellow fever in the infected cities by concussion. The theory is that if cannon were fired rapidly in the streets, the germs would be killed, and enough sulphuric acid gas would be evolved to dispel the disease. According to this theory, also, gunpowder burned in apartments would disinfect them.

On the island of Formosa, in the China Sea, the telephone has been exhibited in the presence of the Imperial Governor. Messages were transmitted a distance of thirty miles, to the surprise of the Chinamen who were present, and who showed a deep interest in the experiments.

The volume of *Punch* cartoons illustrating the political career of Lord Beaconsfield has already reached a sale of 60,000 copies.

City dealers in skim-milk have been arrested, tried, and defeated. They were fined from ten to fifty dollars each, according to the flagrancy of their offense. The Board of Health are resolved to enforce the law, and prosecute every seller of skim-milk they can find. The sale of skim-milk for any purpose is now decided to be illegal in New York city.

An exchange states that Hachette & Co., Paris, is the largest publishing house in the world. It employs 5000 persons, turns out a book a day, and does a business of 15,000,000 francs a year.

Lenox, a popular summer resort in Massachusetts, has met with a calamity. A row of eight cottages on Sunset Terrace has been burned to the ground. The guests who occupied the cottages were chiefly from New York, and many of them lost much property and valuable jewelry.

Vesuvius is overflowing again, and the people whose homes are on the mountain's sides begin to fear and tremble. From the history of the volcano, it is believed that it is about time to have an eruption or an earthquake.

A concert was given a short time ago at Chicago, on Sunday evening, in aid of the yellow fever fund. A preliminary address was made by Rev. David Swing, who said he had been requested by the managers to apologize for the concert being on Sunday evening. Professor Swing's "apology" may be gathered from a passage in the report of his speech:

"The event explains itself. There is always a great variety of opinion in the world about how the Sunday should be spent. We have come here to represent one opinion. Whether a concert can be upon Sunday or Monday evening must be determined by two questions—one, the quality of the music, the other, the object of the music. Our concert to-night has the double explanation of being sacred music for a sacred purpose. Hence I have no hesitation in saying that no religious service held to-night will come nearer to the true spirit of Jesus Christ than will our service—the spirit of Him who loved to minister to the sick, who loved to visit the sick, who wiped away the tears at the death-bed and grave of that brother in the presence of his sisters..... Christianity has no fixed law, no fixed form of service. Men have fixed forms for our pleasure and convenience, but the great religion of Jesus Christ has none. We have the Divine word that man is not made for the Sabbath, but Sabbath is made for man."

The *Journal de Médecine* mentions a remarkable instance of the effect of the habitual use of milk in white-lead works. In some French lead-mills it was observed that in a large working population two men who drank much milk daily were not affected by lead. On the general use of milk throughout the works the colic vanished entirely. Each operative was given enough extra pay to buy a quart of milk a day. From 1868 to 1871 no cases of colic had occurred.

Ice is said to be recognized as the most successful resort in cases of extreme danger from yellow fever, and several marvellous cures are reported as resulting from its use.

A Cincinnati paper mentions a curious physiological phenomenon recently discovered in that city. A full-blooded negro woman, about thirty years of age, is gradually turning white. The changing process began about five years ago, and although most of her face is still black as a coal, about two-fifths of her body is white. She is under medical treatment for consumption, and the doctors call the singular transformation going on "absorption of pigment."

Harvard College Library, which was founded in 1638, now consists of nearly 500,000 volumes and pamphlets. In 1764 it was almost wholly destroyed by fire, and only a few of the original books now remain. Harvard Hall was first used as the library building; but Gore Hall was erected for this purpose in 1841, and an extension to it was completed about a year ago. No Sophomore was allowed to enter Harvard Library until 1798, and Freshmen were not admitted until 1816.

A Boston newspaper says: "A scarcity of flies is certainly a somewhat novel complaint at this season. Nevertheless, their absence has caused considerable inconvenience at the Old South this week. Whenever the flies which have been secured for the exhibition of the microphone have died or managed to escape, the pursuit of their successors has proved a matter of much difficulty. The visitors, unwilling to leave the place without having themselves listened through the microphone to the 'footfall of a fly,' have several times joined most good-naturedly in the search, until a distant glimpse of a fly upon a window-pane was greeted as a joyful discovery. It proved at length necessary to send to a neighboring restaurant with an urgent request for a few of the flies from their trap, as the Old South was absolutely destitute."

A curious incident is related in a London journal. It happened at one of his Royal Highness's garden parties at Chiswick. A well-known and popular M.P. (heir to a peerage, and at one time the handsomest man in the House), who had on several occasions enjoyed the privilege of friendly intercourse with the sovereign, suddenly espied the Queen, and unfortunately having that day—as was not unusual with him—extended his study of the effects of alcoholic liquors too far for perfect sobriety, boldly and frankly walked up to her, and said, with a genial smile and extended hand, "I really beg your pardon; your face is very familiar to me, but I can't recall your name!"

One of the professors of the University of London expresses the opinion that the troubles of English working-men are caused largely by their own vices. They earn in the aggregate, he says, $1,500,000,000 in cash annually, of which they ought to save $75,000,000. As a matter of fact they save only $20,000,000. The bulk of the missing $55,000,000 is wasted mostly in drink.

According to a Baltimore paper, Henry M. Stanley's real name is Henry M. Eastway. Other accounts give him the name of Rowland.

A while ago there was a rumor that the Russian government, through its agents, was purchasing large quantities of quinine in the United States. The reports were undoubtedly exaggerated. Nevertheless, the fact exists that the supply of quinine in this country is small, and the price is higher than it has been for some time. The cause of this is supposed to be owing to wars between the South American tribes of Indians, who are the chief gatherers of what is used in this country. Since the successful cultivation of the bark in India, England has a more stable supply, and the article is, also, of a better quality than that which grows wild in South America.

Owing to recent forgeries, the Bank of France has decided to issue a new description of note, which it is believed can not be imitated.

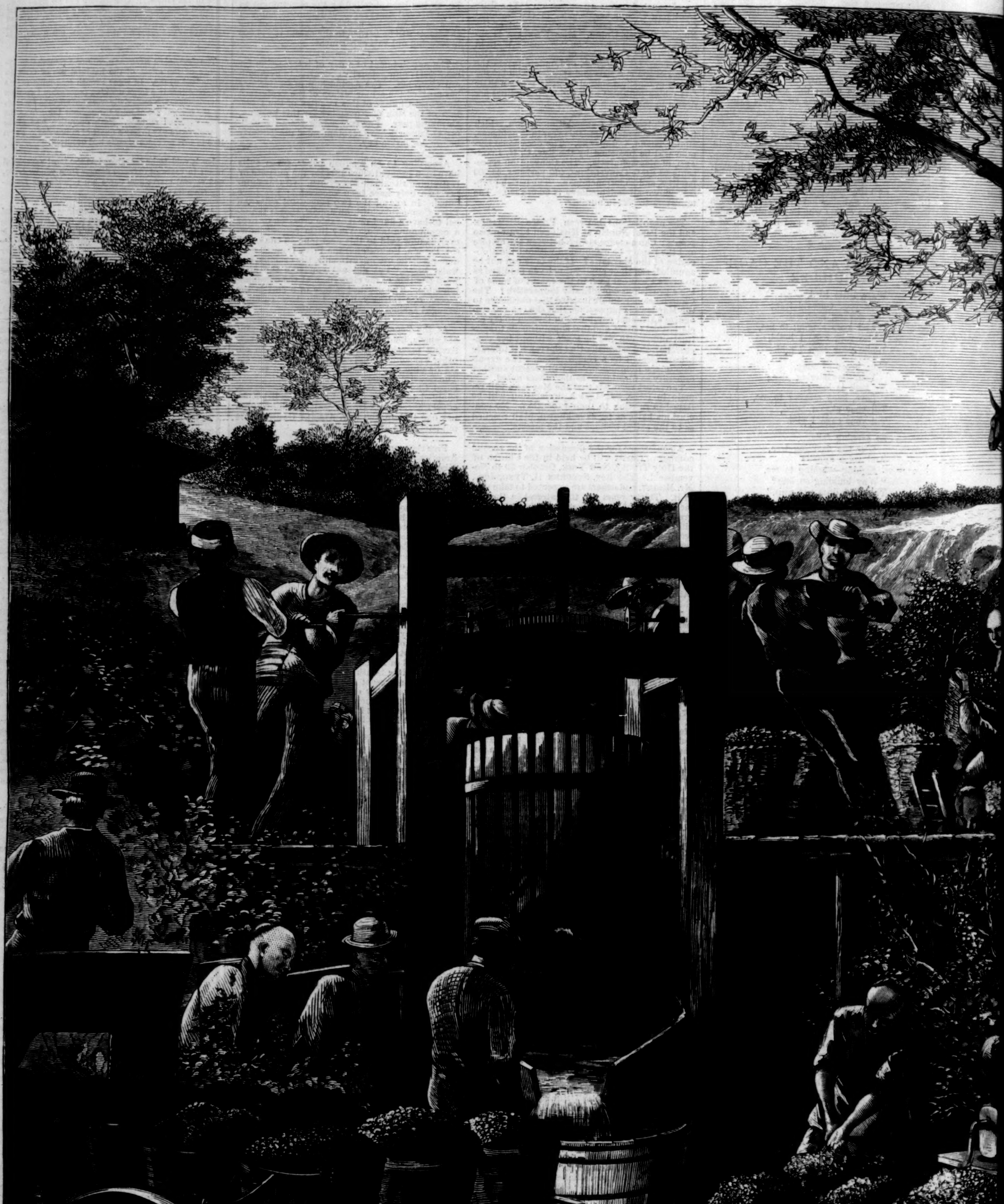
An English justice of known reputation had the case of a lady, who was perpetually stealing trifling articles from the shops she patronized, brought before him. Her counsel argued that she was the victim of kleptomania.

"Kleptomania?" asked the judge, in the most innocent manner; "what *is* kleptomania?"

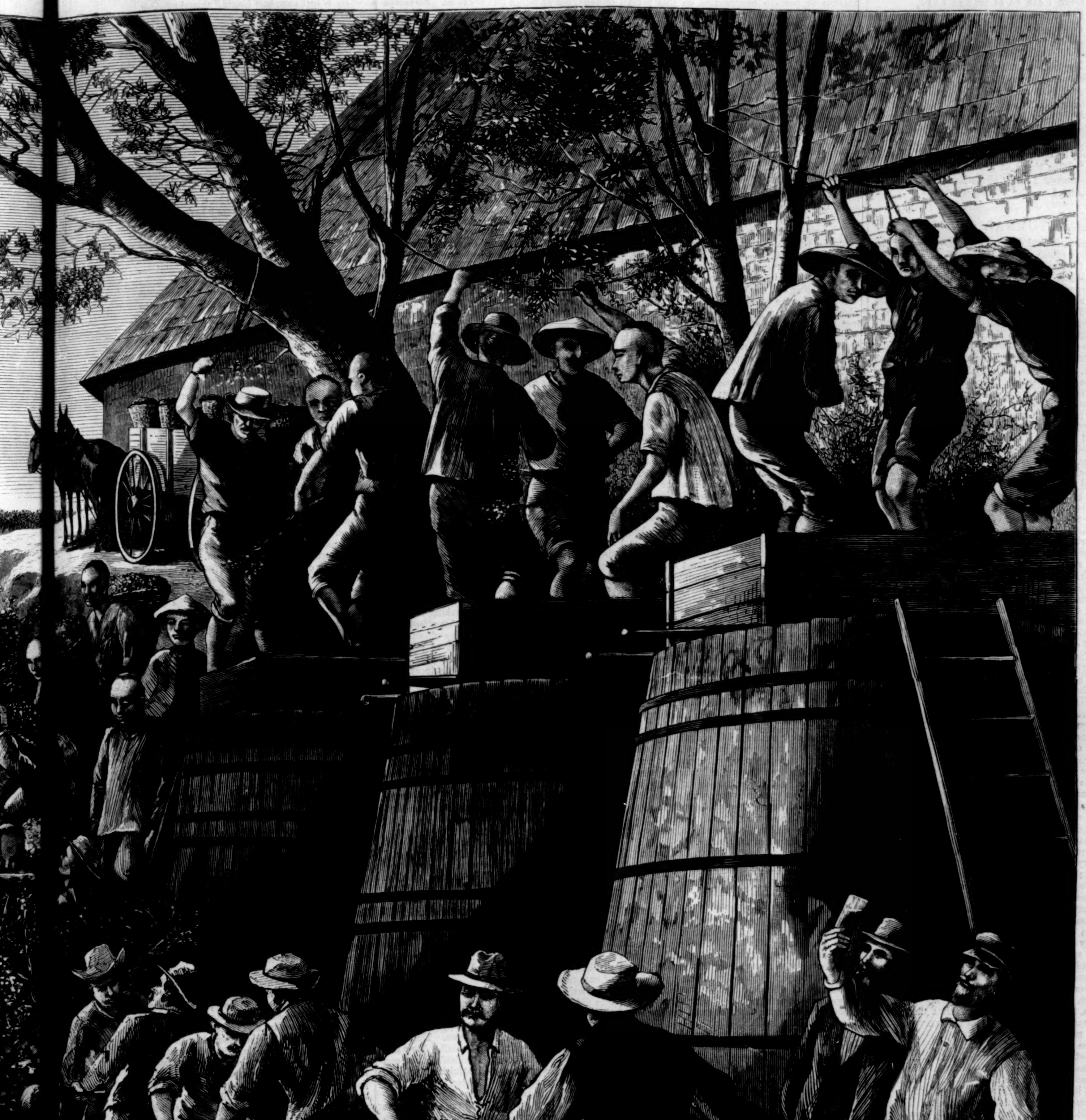
"A disease, my lord," said her counsel, "the subject of which is uncontrollably addicted to larceny."

"Oh, I see," said the judge; "and a disease, Sir, which the judges are sent on circuit as physicans to cure. *My* prescription on the present occasion is twelve months' imprisonment with hard labor."

The "Telegastrograph" is a hypothetical invention of startling novelty. By its aid people can eat and drink at several miles' distance from food and beverages—at least they can enjoy whatever delicacies are served, and even become exhilarated with stimulants. The *modus operandi* is supposed to be something as follows: A dainty dish is placed in a receptacle connected with a powerful battery. Wires are attached, corresponding to the number of guests invited, and of sufficient length to reach to their respective abodes. At the appointed dinner hour each guest places the wire in his mouth, and immediately the full flavor of the dish is transmitted to him. Moreover, a sense of repletion is experienced proportionate to the quantity of food consumed—or rather the length of time the wires are held in the mouth. But, unfortunately, as soon as the wires are disconnected from the battery, the feast remains only a pleasant memory, and the guest is as hungry as before the banquet, and as thirsty as ever. Whether viands and wines are consumed or not in this process is not on record. Such is the inventor's dream.



THE VINTAGE IN CALIFORNIA—AT WORK AT THE



THE INE-PRESSES.—Drawn by P. Frenzeny.—[See Page 790

FIRST THOUGHTS FOR A WEEK.

I think I can lie as long as I like,
It is *Sunday* morning to-day;
I wonder if Fanny will be at church,
And I wonder what she will say.
Monday again! And that bill to meet.
Tuesday, and my books are all wrong.
Wednesday, that Martin's an impudent fop,
And Fanny will see it ere long.
Thursday, I'll order a new suit of clothes;
Oh, bother my board and my rent!
Friday, thank gracious, that error is found,
And my books are right to a cent.
Jolly! It's *Saturday* morning again;
"Office closes at three" to-day;
To-morrow I'll see sweet Fanny at church,
And I wonder what she will say!

AUTUMNAL SCHOOLS.

The autumnal days have come, no longer "the saddest of the year." In every nook and corner of a broad territory reaching from ocean to ocean an infinite number of school-houses throw open their doors; the merry laugh of school-children—the activity of countless opening intellects—is heard; dull, sluggish ignorance is banished; the nation offers the priceless gift of knowledge to the young, and opens to the poorest privileges that were once only confined to the few. Hence the autumn days are full of hope. In knowledge, at least, a boundless liberality is practiced; society defends itself against future evils by forming the habits of its children. It assumes the control of education, because it is better to prevent than to cure; it builds school-houses rather than jails. No principle is now more generally admitted than what was, only a few years ago, often confidently denied, that knowledge is the best security against crime. The enemies of public instruction were accustomed to dwell upon the dangers of educated vice, to denounce the public schools as godless, profane, seminaries of sin. It is shown by all recent statistics that crime and pauperism recede at the approach of knowledge, that the ignorant and brutal form the chief subjects of the supervision of the police; that as education advances, the necessity for a police diminishes. It will require many years, perhaps centuries, to reach a period when men can live without jails or almshouses, yet a very extraordinary, a very unusual, circumstance is noticed in the condition of England. Within thirty-five years the proportion of crime and pauperism to the whole population has diminished nearly one-half. The need of jails and almshouses is lessened in a remarkable degree. The London *Standard*, the chief Tory newspaper, once the strong opponent of popular education, admits that this result has followed the spread of knowledge and the rise of the public schools. Crime, the Conservative editor asserts, slowly recedes before the advance of education; the school is the best agent of progress.

One of the most pleasing traits in the later history of education is that it has fallen in a great degree in the hands of women. Of the great army of sixty or seventy thousand teachers who begin in the autumn days the labor of forming the national mind, by far the larger part are of the gentler sex. It is found that the harsher rule of men is no longer required even for the control of boys; that the influence of educated woman—tender, forbearing, firm—softens rude natures, is especially attractive to the young; that the symbol of the mother and the sister wins regard; the influence of intelligence requires little aid from constraint. Most of our primary schools are conducted by cultivated women. There is an advantage in this, that it opens a new field of employment for the female sex. It gives woman some compensation for her exclusion from so many other pursuits. It opens to her a profession always steadily rising in importance; which already offers a tolerable support to many, prizes of considerable value to the few; which is destined to command more and more the public esteem; which must finally control, above all other pursuits, the welfare of nations. But the rule of woman in the schools has in it the promise of a still more important result: it foretells an advance in refinement, humanity. Chivalry contained in itself an element of truth. It is from mothers that men learn tenderness, from woman a true manliness. It is fortunate for the nation that its earliest teachers will be women.

Ours is a country of working-men. The capitalist of to-day was usually the laborer, miner, immigrant, of yesterday; his children, in the shocks of fortune, will probably return again to active labor, or fade away to give place to a more industrious race. It is one of the many advantages among us of the industrial class—by far the larger part of the population—that the common school follows it every where, goes with the immigrant to Iowa or Montana, penetrates the Rocky Mountains, studs the coasts of the Pacific; and hence the common schools should, above all things, consult the wants and interests of labor. Not that the elegant graces of literature need be absent from them, or any of the refinements of cultivated life be denied to the working class; it is the tendency of modern society to purify and elevate every intellect. No working-man but has a few moments every day to give to the study of good writers, the charm of poetry, the graces and delights of Irving, Prescott, Macaulay, the humor of Dickens, the ceaseless interest of Defoe. To these every school should direct him in childhood. Here he may find in every age the chief of pleasures. But, above all, the public schools should teach all the industrial arts. It would be well if every student could come from them well versed in some useful trade. Virgil and Horace, themselves trained to the plough, celebrate the happiness of the farmer. In every agricultural district the school might well teach how to sow and reap, how best to cultivate the ground, what soils are best for corn and what for cotton. Ignorance or perhaps carelessness on this point has left large regions of our country to fall back into almost their native wildness. It is said that the farmer deserts his home in the Eastern States to seek a new one where the land is fresh and unworn; that the farms of Massachusetts and New Hampshire are unproductive or untilled. Yet they are surrounded by all the incitements to intelligent farming: a perpetual market, a manufacturing population, cities rich and active, a ceaseless demand for all the fruits of the earth, liberal prices. A little knowledge, a little energy, would make the farms of New Hampshire fertile beyond example. The secret is skillful farming. It might be told in the public school. Still more important is the knowledge of the science of agriculture to the Western farmer. He is said to be wasting the enormous fertility of his soil, and preparing it for future barrenness. Not less necessary in cities is the education in trades. Foreign countries already abound in technical or industrial schools established by the state. Holland, France, Austria, Prussia, all have them. The Prince of Prussia is a skillful printer; the people of Vienna study mechanics, carpentering, house-building, and endless useful arts.

Such are some of the tendencies of modern education. It is a giant in its infancy, a vast frame-work that is stretched over the nation, whose outlines are yet to be filled up. It is impossible as yet to predict what may be the limit of the power of the common school. It may teach agriculture, mining, purity in politics, honesty in trade; it may—it must—soften sectional differences and produce unity; it may teach courage of opinion and honesty of thought. It creates readers, writers, thinkers; inculcates humanity and peace. But as yet the common school contents itself with the elements of education, and in every portion of the nation, from Florida to Columbia, snatches the child from utter barbarism, and gives him hope. The process begins every autumn. The autumn days in our fortunate climate are singularly well suited to the general revival of the intellect. It is the most magnificent of seasons—a splendid picture known to no other land. From the middle of September nearly until Christmas the golden days roll on in stately procession, bright with excess of sunshine, covered with the glory of the painted woods, the yellow fields; the color ever deepening, the silent frosts stifling the malaria; the blue skies tempered by their silvery mists. The lakes, the rivers, pure and bright, gleam with a pale splendor unknown to the European; the tepid Tiber, the clouded Nile, are not to be compared with them; they shine by their own lustre. In autumn, too, the rich harvest has nearly been gathered in; peace and plenty reign from ocean to ocean; the granaries are full; the period of dismay and panic is nearly over. Compassion turns with full hand to the suffering brethren of the South, sends aid to their heroic Samaritans who struggle with sorrow and death. With one sad exception the autumn opens over a land the fairest, the happiest, on earth. But to preserve this general ease, this prospect of future advance, will demand a ceaseless and rising intelligence; and hence "brown Autumn" has no higher or happier influence than when he throws open in every corner of the land the doors of the modest school-house, summons from every cabin on the mountain and cottage in the valley the children of the nation, places its future in the hands of the teacher.

Eugene Lawrence.

IN HIS CARE.

"Well, little Zaidee, the best I can do for you is to put you in his care. Do you mind, pettie?"

"Oh no, I do not mind any thing, if I can only reach Aunt Clarence in time. Time seems to me now the only thing that is of any value."

So Zaidee, with many anxious injunctions, and with many lingering "good-byes," was placed in the charge of Theodore Maxwell, on a journey by express train from New York to D——, an obscure station somewhere between Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

Theodore Maxwell gave a keen, sharp glance at the young stranger, one of his habitual sharp glances, made up of scrutiny, distrust, and expectant inquiry—a glance such as we might expect a detective, with a correct photograph of a criminal lodged in his pocket, to give to a face that bore on the instant some gleam of resemblance to the fatal picture. Not at all the sort of survey that Zaidee was accustomed to receive. Indeed, she was pretty enough and fresh enough in youth's rosy exuberance to live in a charmed atmosphere of glances. She was passing through that enchanted period when every gaze is an admiring one, every stare a compliment, every resting and re-resting of observant eyes an involuntary homage or benediction.

"I hope I shall not trouble you too much," said Zaidee, shrinking from the cold, hard, and, as she thought, perfectly unwilling, adoption of guardianship, with something more than a sense of wounded vanity—a sense of womanish claim upon manly chivalry defrauded of its right.

"I hope not," said Theodore Maxwell, dryly. "I think not," he added, more gently, as the girl turned, with a sudden soft and yet wild appeal in her violet eyes—Zaidee Horton really had violet eyes—a sudden wild appealing, as if to say, "If you are not going to be good to me, and I fear you are not, pray let me escape; oh, let me escape instantly!"

Escape? There was no time for that now. The alarum of dispatch had already driven her brother from the car to the dépôt platform, where he stood wistfully gazing after "little Zaidee," had pushed the car from the platform to the avenue rail, and thence, with presently a speed that brooked no compromise, had urged the train irrevocably into the onward rush of things that move, and all its occupants into the onward rush of things that are to be. No escape now, little Zaidee!

"I am in his care," she thought, "and I wish he were some one else—any one else—for I do not like him. Certainly he shall not be troubled by *me*."

She nestled close into her corner, took at once the wayfaring book from her travelling sachel, and began to read, or began to pretend to read, for she could not see the words: her eyes had filled with tears.

The nest of affection is so warm, the strange air of the "wide world" is so cold, tenderness and praise are so endearing and comforting, indifference is so repelling; and Zaidee, of all girls, loved to be warmly cared for, and gently, devoutly treated. No wonder her eyes filled with tears and her little heart ached with the pang—the new pang to her—of homesickness. She had never left home before, and this stranger by her side seemed to her the impersonation of strangeness, indifference, coldness—that "coldness with a will in it" of which she had read, trembling, in the pathetic stories of wanderers. No wonder she could not see the words of her book. Several miles of her journey were passed before the print cleared.

Theodore Maxwell was by this time reading too a journal of some kind, with pages of curious diagrams. Zaidee just saw it, and the learned appearance of the book and the studious attitude of the reader had a soothing effect upon her agitation. Then she looked out upon the landscape, and that too comforted her. It was one of those wide stretches of marsh lands traversed by tiny brooks that look so calmly as the sunshine glints over them, and here and there wild birds hover among the reeds. She returned now to her reading with some relish, and forgot to shrink from her companion as if he were a branch of the deadly upas-tree. And so they went on very well until they entered a tunnel.

Now a tunnel at night, when the car lamps are lighted, is not an appalling episode of travel; but at mid-day to rush from the clear light into an abyss of darkness side by side with living beings, some of whom may be monsters; to have the sensitive sense of sound shattered by unearthly thunders; to strain the startled eyesight vainly for a glimpse of outlet; one loop for sunny air in the horrid archway; and so to blindly rush, or *be rushed* rather, through the bowels of the earth minute after minute, and no possible hope of stopping, no possible hope of taking wing upward and out of it—this to a novice gifted with busy imagination and unblunted by oft-repeated experience is an adventure about as near the penance of being driven through a passage of purgatory as innocent virtue is capable of. To Zaidee it was an interval of terror: nothing but direct pride kept her from reaching with trembling hands the strong arm of her companion, and clinging with closed eyes to the vague sense of protection that comes to childish femininity in the assuring touch of the manly broadcloth.

When, finally, the cars emerged into clear daylight, Zaidee, white as a ghost, was found sitting bolt-upright, with eyes fixed on her deadly upas in abject imploring; and as he looked directly at her, he gave response immediately.

"Quite a long tunnel," said Theodore Maxwell.

"Eternal!" gasped Zaidee.

"A fine piece of masonry," said he.

"Like the descent 'in averne' of Dante," said Zaidee.

"Do you read Dante?" he asked, quickly. "And do you love him too? He is one of my favorite authors; his genius makes the impossible possible. He is like all gifted souls, all gifted eras; he is like the age we live in, that makes, and ought to make, and *will* make the impossible possible."

The cold, hard, distrustful face glowed with a thrilling stir. A chance word had struck a vein of enthusiasm.

Zaidee's terror gave place to astonishment. She did not reflect that the mention of an author's name may be like witch-hazel, the divining-rod of precious metals. But she appreciated that her companion was a changed man. They talked Dante; then they talked Tyndall. They had both read more than one of Tyndall's books, and had heard several of his delightful lectures.

"But is it not sad," said Zaidee, presently, "if it is true, that he does not believe in prayer? He makes so clear and so beautiful the theory of the unseen rays of the solar spectrum, the most powerful, the most magnetic of all: you heard that lecture, did you not? And yet they say he does not believe in prayer."

"And do you believe in it?" asked Maxwell.

"With all my heart, of course," said little Zaidee. "You do too, don't you?"

She hardly heard his answer, he spoke it in voice so low, but she saw the dark shadow lowering again upon his face: the cold, hard, repellent look came back. Theodore Maxwell, the ardent believer in revelation of material omnipotence of force and material infinitude of resource, did not believe in any divinity of affection. To him *that* world was cramped, limited, ineffectual, powerless, and unpromising indeed.

Zaidee, on the contrary, who had a most imperfect smattering of scientific revelation, knew very well some of the exquisite and immeasurable avenues of devotion. But she felt now the unsympathetic atmosphere into which her simple avowal had led, and she said no more. Conversation dwindled and died out. The travellers returned to their books, and to occasional studies of the scenery, which became, as they advanced, more and more wild and romantic. So noon and afternoon passed, till a place was reached where the train stopped to allow the passengers to dine. Zaidee had biscuits and fruit in her sachel; Mr. Maxwell brought her a cup of coffee, waited until she had drunk it, and then went out of the car for his lunch.

"He is half nice, half horrid," thought Zaidee, in her school-girl language, as she watched him depart. Time sped, the cars went on their way, and he did not return. Then she was seized with anxiety, and with trouble for herself too, for night would soon come, and she had all the timidity of inexperience in travelling alone. "He is better than *no one*," she thought. "Oh, I wish he would come back again!" These considerations caused her when, after a leisurely cigar in the smoking-car, he did come, to give him, and with a bright flush of joy, a radiant smile of greeting.

A look of surprise, of pleasure, and of unmistakable friendliness lighted Theodore Maxwell's face in answer to this demonstration. "She is the sweetest little creature I ever met," he thought; "what a pity that she must soon become altogether a woman, and cease to be a child! Children are the only human beings I have any faith in. And they always like *me*. She likes me, too, very evidently. She could not have given me such a smile as that if she did not thoroughly like me."

O masculine vanity! But if, as some philosophers assert, "the end of education is to direct vanity to the highest objects," then this weakness of strong man makes it possible for woman to become a potent educator.

Theodore Maxwell had brought to Zaidee a guide-book sold on the train, containing views of the scenery through which their road lay. These views—they looked them over together—were chiefly of wild nature subjected to man by mechanical strokes of genius, and they awakened Maxwell's keenest appreciation. He explained to the child some of the majestic and patient processes by which the solid sovereignties over space and difficulty are projected and accomplished.

To Zaidee the world of mechanics was something so august and incomprehensible that the apostle of their significance loomed up in her reverential imagination as a superior being, a sort of intellectual Titan, to whom the removing of mountains, the spanning of torrents, the uniting of distances, were but sleight-of-hand play. She listened really fervently. She began to admire this earnest, thoughtful man at her side; and he, on his part, was kindled by the electric listening of his fresh and vital little auditor.

Twilight closed upon them, after the loveliest sunset that ever flushed hills and streams of Western bounteousness with gold and crimson glory—twilight that draws from depths innermost what daylight disdains to stoop for; and Theodore Maxwell became not only communicative, but positively confidential.

As prelude to confidence, he told Zaidee that he was going to California, and she exclaimed, joyfully—surely masculine vanity did not exaggerate masculine attractions now—"Why, there is where Aunt Clarence is going to take me, if I only reach her in time—to San Francisco!"

"We will go there together," said Maxwell; and immediately he began to unfold to Zaidee the secret of his errand to the West. It appears that along those golden shores, beneath the clear water, lie golden sands mingled with the grains of quartz in tempting quantities. To separate these sands at slight cost, and secure the pure gold, is to insure fortune, and Theodore Maxwell had contrived the means to do so. He was now hastening to the place of trial to test his invention. He condescended—Zaidee, in her new-born reverence for the man who had her in his care, esteemed it condescension—to reveal the method by which these sands of gold could be sifted quickly from the quartz, and at slight cost.

"How wonderful that you should have thought of it! I suppose you were inspired," said little Zaidee.

Twilight deepened to night. The car lamps were lighted, and the express train speeded through the dark. Zaidee, who had been aroused from bed that day long before dawn, began to feel weary, and she was now sufficiently *en rapport* with her companion to say to him, confidingly, "I think I will take a little nap." She laid aside her bonnet, wrapped her travelling shawl like hood and cloak about her, nestled into her corner by the window, and fell asleep.

Then Theodore Maxwell, assured by the sealed eyelids and deep breathing that she would not surprise his search, studied her scrutinizingly. He saw the innocent little face, touched by slumber, become more lovely, more innocent, more intensely and genuinely child-like, than even the waking face had been, and his heart was smitten with a strange tenderness. He felt such a sharp delight in his protective relation to this gentle morsel of humanity, such a keen and exalting and yearning delight as he had never felt before. Never but once. And that once, fatal in years gone by, ending so cruelly, so bitterly—he would not let himself think of it! Besides, that traitress to his boyish devotion was a woman—a woman of the world, without one spark of the true light of childhood left in her. And this sweet little soul, wrapped in sleep now so trustfully, was, notwithstanding its budding beauty of womanliness, all child-like. His heart shook with mingled tenderness, admiration, and care for her.

But by-and-by, in the subtle contagion of slumber, a sense of delicious weariness stole over his sense of guardianship; he leaned his head upon his hand, and slept, or half slept, certainly.

And Zaidee awoke, and saw him thus with closed eyes unconscious, and her heart went out to him. For the expression of his face, held passive in the interpretive spell of sleep, was lovable. All harshness, all suspiciousness, all coldness, had passed away. The brow was clear and smooth; the features, nobly shaped, were gentle, frank, and serene; the mouth especially was good and sweet.

"His mother must have loved him *very much*," thought little Zaidee.

And her gentle "violet eyes" were resting upon him when he awoke. He caught fully the charm of the guileless countenance.

> "With childhood's starry graces lingering yet
> In the rosy orient of young womanhood,
> And eyes like woodland violets newly wet."

Then came that sudden awakening—it came to them both as their eyes met—that awakening so like and yet so unlike the awakening from sleep; that sudden, subtle, and impetuous leap of conscious life from unknown abysses into veritable energy; that stroke of force more marvellous than the force that levels mountains, bridges torrents, clasps distances—force unseen, compelling, religious, exquisite, that in one instant binds heart to heart.

It came to them there, in the mystery of night, in the rush of travel

> "Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
> That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth."

Come and gone! But to return again; for in their meeting gaze was that "seed of fire" leagues of earth can not bury, "many waters can not quench."

"You have been asleep," said Theodore Maxwell.

"So have you," said Zaidee.

They said no more; they rode far and far in silence—silence, however, that felt the throbbing of a new existence, deep and strange and precious.

Near midnight the moon arose, and the cars were approaching the station where the travelling companions must part. But when the station was reached, what dismay! what comfort! No one was waiting for Zaidee. The place, a solitary railway house in the midst of farm lands, was entirely unvisited.

"Of course I can not leave you here at dead of night," said Maxwell. "We must go on to Niagara, and then telegraph to your friends." So they went on to Niagara.

Moonlight of an August night; stopping-place, Niagara. Whoever at such hour has alighted from noisy journeying at this wonderful station will remember how still it is. If the array of vehicles marshalled in order along the platform, if the array of stage-drivers so vociferous at every other terminus in Christendom, if all the passengers, baggage-tenders, and porters had been carved out of moonlight—the pearly white moonlight that bathed and etherealized every thing—they could not have been stiller.

Zaidee was almost frightened at the sound of her own voice as she said, "I thought we should hear the roar of the Falls." Not a sound, not a suggestion of roaring.

Not until they had driven up the avenue between the corn fields and pastures and slumbering village, and rested in the porch of the Cataract House, did they hear that sound; roar it can not be called, so even, so unexclamative, so perpetually in climax is its passionate booming—that sound heard nowhere else upon our globe—noble as music, stirring as discord, touching as silence, as if here, in the trysting-place of the strong elements of our planet, sound and silence united their destinies.

"You would have liked one glimpse of the Falls to-night," said Maxwell, as they entered the quaint hallway.

"Oh, so much!" said Zaidee.

But at that late hour the gate of the park inclosing Point View and the bridge to Goat Island were fastened. The hotel clerk came to their help. "I can give you a view of the rapids," he said; and he led them by intricate passages to a piazza from which a causeway terminated by a little pavilion had been built into the flood, and promising a few moments of unlocked doors to return through, he left them alone there.

In the dead of night, in the magic of moonlight, alone with those wonderful rapids!

They walked hand in hand down the tremulous causeway over the rushing flood to the quivering pavilion. There upon the fragile bench that seems divided only by a breath from the mad maelstrom they knelt in awe. They both were pale with excitement; but the indescribable scene, the indescribable torrent, the beauty, the terror, affected them both—how differently!

Theodore Maxwell was in sympathy with the rapids. His heart responded with a wild accord to this swift onslaught upon peril; this herd of tossed waters rushing to the brink, and yet lifting their proud crests, white as the stars themselves above the black chaos, in eternal protest against Fate, doomed and daring, desperate yet dauntless.

Little Zaidee felt as the loving-hearted Charles Dickens says he felt at Niagara. And she glanced upward from the flying tempest of waters to the quiet sky, the serene satellite of earth, and the peaceful stars. Then drawn back by the impetuous fascination of the torrent, she looked again, as her companion had looked without ceasing, into the plunging flood, till, dizzy with excess of emotion, they turned to each other, and, seized by an irresistible impulse, an irresistible yielding to impulse that would not have happened if Zaidee had been five years older, or if Theodore Maxwell at the moment had been less fully moved by sympathetic epitome of his life's experience, and precipitated upon his fate, Zaidee outstretched her hands, and the strong man seized them. Zaidee looked up to him as if to say, "Are you going to be good to me? and I think you are. Then let me have refuge instantly."

And he answered by folding her in his arms, and by sealing with one fervent kiss upon her saintly little moon-lit forehead a vow that his heart made.

Silently, and pale yet with excitement, and hand in hand, they went back across the quivering bridge to the reposeful house, Zaidee in her simplicity feeling herself, by the pledge of that one kiss, as surely betrothed as if already marriage bells were ringing "Till death us do part."

And Theodore Maxwell in his duplicity—for the dual being, the conflicting struggle of faith and despair, of hope and scorn, of love and hate, was not ended yet in his proud breast—led Zaidee across the foaming rapids, with one deep determination: "I will win her to be my wife, so help me Heaven! I will be her protector against the world, and she shall be my guardian angel."

Midway he paused, as though he would have spoken; but he repressed the sentence that arose to his lips, held it in silence, and did not say it aloud until weeks afterward.

In the mean time, not too late for Aunt Clarence, who appeared on the morrow, urged by dispatches soon as Maxwell's night telegram could reach her, to claim Zaidee—in the mean time there was a day at Niagara: what an heir-loom to lovers! And they were lovers now. A journey to California, and a thrilling test-day, when Maxwell's invention passed into upward, and for the present uppermost, success in its special province.

Weeks after the moon-lit midnight at Niagara, in the words born there, and only strengthened by the silence in which they had been for an interval infolded, did Theodore Maxwell say to the beautiful child, the soulful woman, the darling morsel of humanity, who, as his bride, was placed at the altar under his manly protection for a long, long journey, and who came freighted to him with faith and hope and love and undying devotion, "Little Zaidee, will you take me in your care?"

PRIMITIVE MODES OF STRIKING FIRE.

In early ages, "when wild in woods the noble savage ran," compliance with the request, "Will you give me a light, please?" involved, if the camp fires had gone out, a spell of unremitting hard work, considerable manual dexterity, and an unstinted application of "elbow grease." The primitive mode of striking fire was by rubbing one piece of dry wood upon another until incandescence was induced. Probably Jabal, the father of dwellers in tents and herdsmen, and Jubal, the father of musicians, were indebted, when they needed a light, to Tubal-Cain, their half-brother, the first "artificer in brass and iron," who doubtless "gathered" his smithy fire, so that it might smoulder through the night, and be ready for blowing up in the morning. However this may be, a care of those who lived in very early stages of the world's history would appear to have been to keep their lamps or fires constantly burning, rather than to depend upon means of striking fire when their "lamps had gone out" (Matthew, xxv. 8). It may be supposed that when Abraham and Isaac proceeded to Moriah for the terrible sacrifice in prospect, it was a lamp and not a lucifer that the patriarch had when he "took the fire in his hand." The maintenance of a continuous light was imposed upon the children of Israel as a religious duty: "Bring thee pure oil olive beaten for the light, to cause the lamp to burn always" (Exodus, xxvii. 20). The extinguished lamp or candle was evidence of the Divine displeasure—"The lamp of the wicked shall be put out."

A tribe of South American savages improved upon the dry wood friction process. They discovered that they could generate showers of sparks by the sharp abrasive contact of a certain kind of pyrites upon siliceous or flinty stones. The sparks directed upon a quantity of dry, readily inflammable fibrous material obtained a flame, with comparatively little trouble beyond procuring and preparing materials. In the matter of "striking a light," the human family remained in a state of comparative barbarism till a period almost within the recollection of many juniors of "the oldest inhabitant." Our grandmothers kept the kitchen fire alight all night by placing a block of coal upon it, and packing it with small coal or ashes, so as to allow it to smoulder only till the morning. The first triumph of "applied science" in "striking a light" lay in the discovery of the combined capabilities of burned linen, or tinder, flint and steel, and brimstone-tipped wood matches, or "spunks," as they were sometimes called. The tinder was usually a domestic production, the tinder-boxes and steels, or "frizzies," were made at Birmingham and Wolverhampton, England, where a considerable business was done in these articles. The flint was had from where it could be picked up, and the manufacturers and vendors of the matches were chiefly poor old women. The steel was of the form of the letter U elongated and reversed, the narrower stalk being the handle; the broader, which had a serrated outer edge, was used for striking the piece of flint, and producing the sparks that ignited the tinder, which in turn lighted the brimstone-tipped match. The lighted tinder, when it had served its purpose, was extinguished by a close-fitting inner cover that was pressed down upon it. The flint and steel were also used for lightning match-paper—thick porous paper that had been dipped in a solution of saltpetre and afterward dried. The match paper was held close to the piece of flint, with its edge at the point of impact with the steel. It ignited readily and burned freely, but without flame. Amadou, or German tinder, and "touch-wood," being woody tissue in a certain stage of decay, were sometimes used in the same way as match-paper.

The methods of initiating fire, as has been seen, were, up to this point, by rude mechanical expedients. It is only during the last half century that science may be said to have been applied to the manufacture of matches. One of the earliest novelties was the "instantaneous lighting box," which contained a bottle charged with sulphuric acid and fibrous asbestos. The tipped match was let into the bottle, and caught fire in its contact with the acid.

The revolution in match-making, and the origin of the match manufacture, as a large and important industry, may be said to date from the introduction of phosphorus as an igniting agent applied in various ways. The curious scientific toys, the "instantaneous lighting" and "phosphorous boxes," had a limited sale at a guinea each, afterward reduced by degrees to a shilling. There are now matches in the market that sell at the rate of 600 for a half-penny!

The Eupyrion, the Promethean, the oxymuriate or chlorate, and other matches, led up to the dry-friction matches or "lucifers." These matches were fired by being drawn smartly between folded glass-paper; requiring, however, so much pressure as sometimes to drag off the igniting composition.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Among other interesting exhibits at Paris was a series of very valuable maps and charts prepared by Professor Henry Y. Hind, of Windsor, Nova Scotia, consisting, in the first place, of six maps illustrating the distribution of the marine fishes off the coast of North America; second, two physical charts of the American seas from Cape Cod to Maine and the Labrador coast.

Professor Hind has been engaged for a number of years in this research, and a confidential memoir written by him on this subject for the use of the Canadian division of the Halifax Commission embodies a vast number of facts and generalizations of very great importance. Among the awards at the Exhibition we are pleased to see mention of a gold medal from Jury 16 to Professor Hind for the maps referred to.

A new method of treating fish has lately been patented by Mr. Samuel Bliss, of Chicago, the object of which is to preserve the fish with a less quantity of salt than is usually required. This consists in the addition of a little glucose to the salt, by means of which fermentation or any souring or putrefaction is said to be readily prevented, and without imparting any taste to the flesh. It is claimed that no matter how long the meat is kept in the pickle, it will be sweet and retain much of its original flavor.

The fifty-first annual meeting of the "German Naturalists and Physicians," the oldest association of its class, which was announced for the 18th of September, was held eight days earlier, beginning on the 11th, and lasting for seven days. This change is due to the fact that a large number of troops is to be concentrated for parade and review in Cassel at the time originally intended for the meeting, and it is thought that the turmoil and bustle, as well as the probable scarcity of suitable accommodations, made the alteration highly expedient.

The application of the cones of certain species of pine in tanning has lately been made very advantageously in France, the leather prepared with them being in every way equal to that in which oak bark has been employed. These cones are gathered in the pine plantations, and a quite limited district has furnished 100 tons annually.

According to Dr. Lucas, a very curious remedy is used in India for the cure of the sting of the scorpion, which is so agonizing to the victim. The first sensation is that of a prick of a finely pointed needle, which is extremely distressing, and is accompanied by a shooting up the limbs, along the course of the main nerve trunk, reaching its climax in from three to five minutes.

If a pinch of powdered alum be introduced into the eye on the side affected, the secondary symptoms cease almost instantly, as the conjunctival mucous membrane begins to smart. The local pain is also much less severe than it was, and loses its force in a few hours, this being expedited by firm and steady pressure.

The Deutsche Fisherei-Verein, the well-known association in Germany for the advancement of the fishery interests of the empire, announces for May, 1880, a World's Exhibition, at Berlin, of every thing connected with the subject of fishing and the fisheries, and anticipates the presentation of a very complete display from all parts of the world. The Royal Prussian Minister of Agriculture has promised the use of the buildings of the Agricultural Museum, now nearly completed, as also every facility, state and international, that can be furnished to make the exhibition a success.

The blackness of certain public buildings in London and elsewhere, for a long time attributed to the effect of smoke, has lately been found to be in great part the result of the development of a peculiar fungus, the precise nature of which has not yet been determined. This suggests the possibility of so treating the surface of the stone as to secure the removal of the coating, since any substance that will kill this low form of vegetable life will probably permit its ready removal—a result much less easily attained if it were a deposit of smoke or soot.

Dr. Van der Horck is about commencing an exploration, the results of which will doubtless be extremely interesting to American anthropologists. The object is to determine the relationships between the inhabitants of the two sides of the Pacific Ocean, and to investigate the question as to the colonizing of either continent from the other. The work will continue for several years.

The vessel expects to examine the entire eastern coast of Asia up to the polar sea; then, crossing at Behring Straits, to follow the American coast to San Francisco. The usual routine of scientific exploration will be conducted in the way of deep-sea dredging, surveys, and collecting specimens of natural history, etc. It is the ethnological element, however, that will receive special attention. The funds necessary have been provided by the German government and the Geographical Society of Berlin.

Dr. Mohn reports, under date of July 10, from Hammerfest, the progress of the Norwegian North Atlantic expedition. It left Bergen, as anticipated, on the 15th of June, for the West-fiord, where deep-sea temperatures were taken, showing 10.7° C. on the surface, a minimum of 4.4° at a depth of 40 fathoms, and 6.5° at bottom. In the Alten-fiord a minimum of 2.7° was found at a depth of 100 fathoms, and of 3.9° at 220 fathoms.

Farther to the eastward a temperature of zero C. was found at the sea-bottom; and by observations at other points the zero C. was found to form a bay east of Bear Island. The highest peak on this island was 1787 feet. During the cruise 38 soundings, 17 temperature series, 10 dredgings, and 7 trawlings were successfully made, the results including quite a number of new species of animals. The reversible deep-sea thermometer of Negretti and Zambra, used last year on the coast of the United States by the United States Fish Commission, was found to be extremely reliable, and much more satisfactory than the better-known Casella-Miller instrument.

Dr. Otto Finsch, the well-known ornithologist, who has lately made a noteworthy expedition to Siberia, is about starting on a several years' expedition of exploration in the Pacific, with the special object of investigating the fauna of the small groups of islands. His expenses will be in great part met by the Berlin Academy of Science.

Mr. Hermann Strecker, of Reading, Pennsylvania, has lately published the First Part of a *Synonymical Catalogue of the Day Butterflies of North America*, a large octavo of nearly 300 pages. This embraces instructions for collecting and breeding butterflies, the terms and abbreviations used in the descriptions, an alphabetical list of the localities in which the lepidopterous fauna is more or less known, a complete bibliography of the subject, together with a catalogue of the species, and an alphabetical index of the same. It is interspersed with the usual quaint unconventional remarks and criticisms of Mr. Strecker which have rendered his illustrated work on butterflies so entertaining.

The older American ornithologists will doubtless remember that the engravings of the magnificent copper-plates of North American birds, published by Mr. Audubon, were executed almost entirely by Mr. Robert Havel, of Edinburgh, who brought to his task an ability and perseverance commensurate with the enthusiasm of Mr. Audubon himself. It may surprise some of our readers to learn that Mr. Havel took up his residence at Tarrytown, New York, about the year 1850, where he has lived ever since. His wife has recently died at the age of eighty-five.

The oldest specimens of wrought iron known to ethnologists are believed to be certain sickles found by Belzoni under the base of the Sphinx at Carnac, in Thebes. Another fragment found by Captain Wise in the Great Pyramid, and the piece of a saw dug up by Layard at Nimroud, all of which are now in the British Museum, prove that iron and the art of forging were known much earlier than has been supposed, and that the secret of manipulation appears to have been held very closely for many years before it came into general use.

The oldest specimen of steel is believed to have been a Damascus blade presented by King Porus to Alexander the Great.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"I want to find out who is the master of this house," said the man with a book under his arm to the vinegary-looking woman with a pointed nose and a very small top-knot who opened the door for him. "Well, stranger," she said, with arms akimbo, "you just walk around into the back yard, and ask a little spindle-shanked deacon you'll find there fixin' up the grape arbor, and he'll tell you if I don't boss this ranch he don't know who does. Now what do you want with me?"

Why is it that at the hotel the man who goes is called the waiter, and the man who really waits for him to come back is called the guest?

This dialogue is from the French. M. Prudhomme leads his son to contemplate the statue of Joan of Arc:

Son. "Who was that woman, pa?"

M. Prudhomme. "Mark her statue well, my boy; she was one of our greatest men."

It has been asked, when rain falls, does it ever get up again? Of course it does, in dew time.

"We have plenty of fresh salt air here; even our lady boarders wear sol'taires in their ears," said an enthusiastic sea-side landlord. "Don't say so!" said the press guest. "Have you a salt rheum in the house?" "Yes, Sir," said the landlord, quickly; "a humorous correspondent has it just now."

Some time since the Detroit *Free Press* inquired incidentally if fish could talk. One paper answered, "Seal skin." Another, more recently, says, "Certainly; out in Colorado, Pikes Peak."

Do penmen ever do wrong?—No; they do write.

What city in France is a man about to visit when he goes to get married?—He is going to Havre (have her). An old bachelor being asked the question, promptly replied, "To Rouen" (ruin).

A woman applied for a situation recently, with her clothes dripping like a water-spout. On being questioned as to her condition, she said she understood the lady of the house wanted a wet nurse, and she had come ready for service.

A widow once said to her daughter: "When you are my age it will be time enough to dream of a husband." "Yes, mamma," replied the thoughtless beauty, "for the second time."

"What is the defendant's character for truth and veracity?" asked a Maine lawyer of a witness. "Wa'all, now, squire, she allers used me first-rate; I'll be blowed if she didn't. As for voracity, squire, why, bless you, that was her big holt. Why, I've seen that air gal eat a whole—" Here the judge asked the witness if he understood the question.

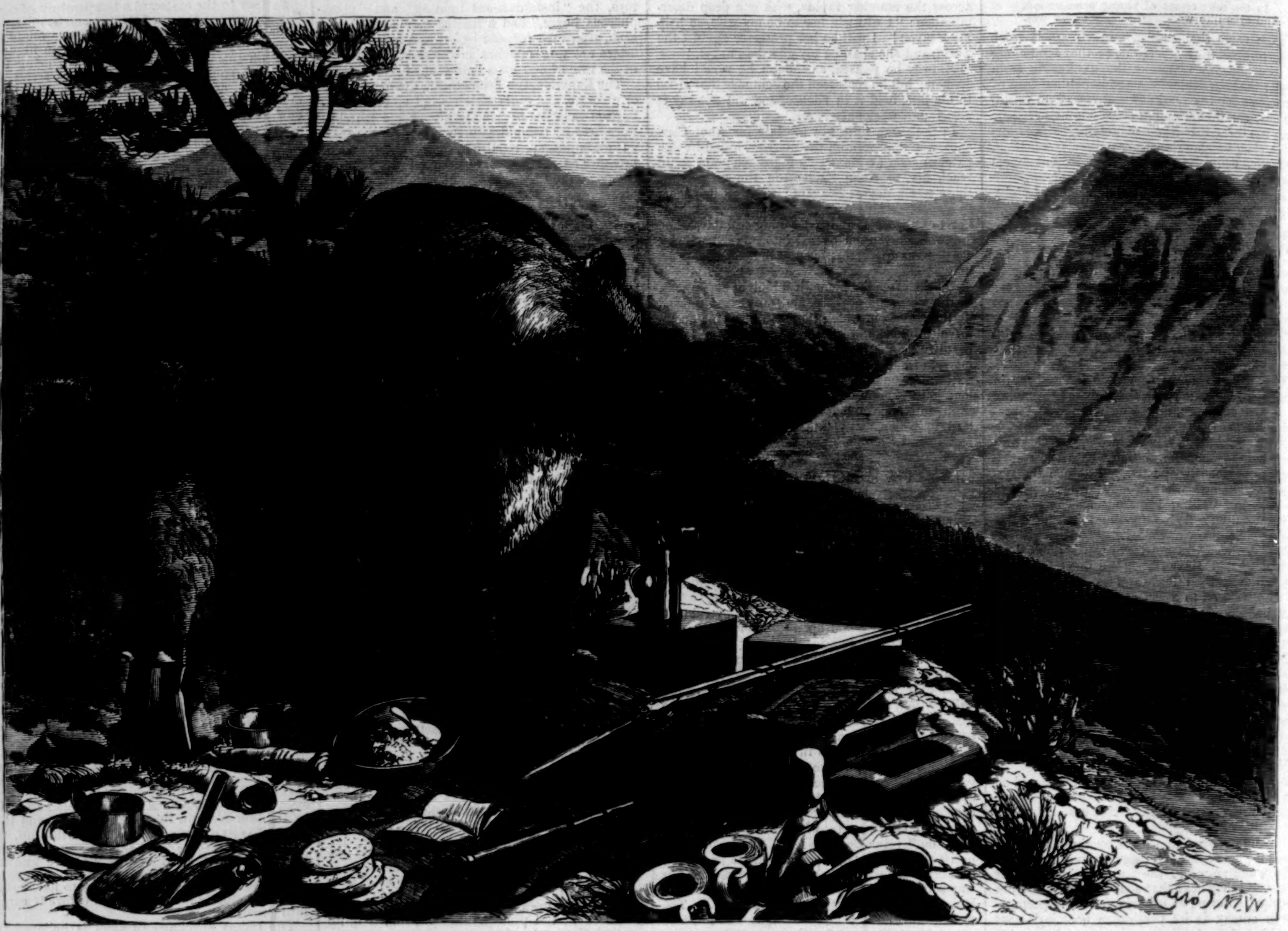
Nothing tries the patience of a man more than to be sitting on a sofa in a dark room with a pretty girl, and to be compelled to listen to her brother giving the history of a base-ball club.

Husband. "Why not take that dress, dear, and have done with it?"

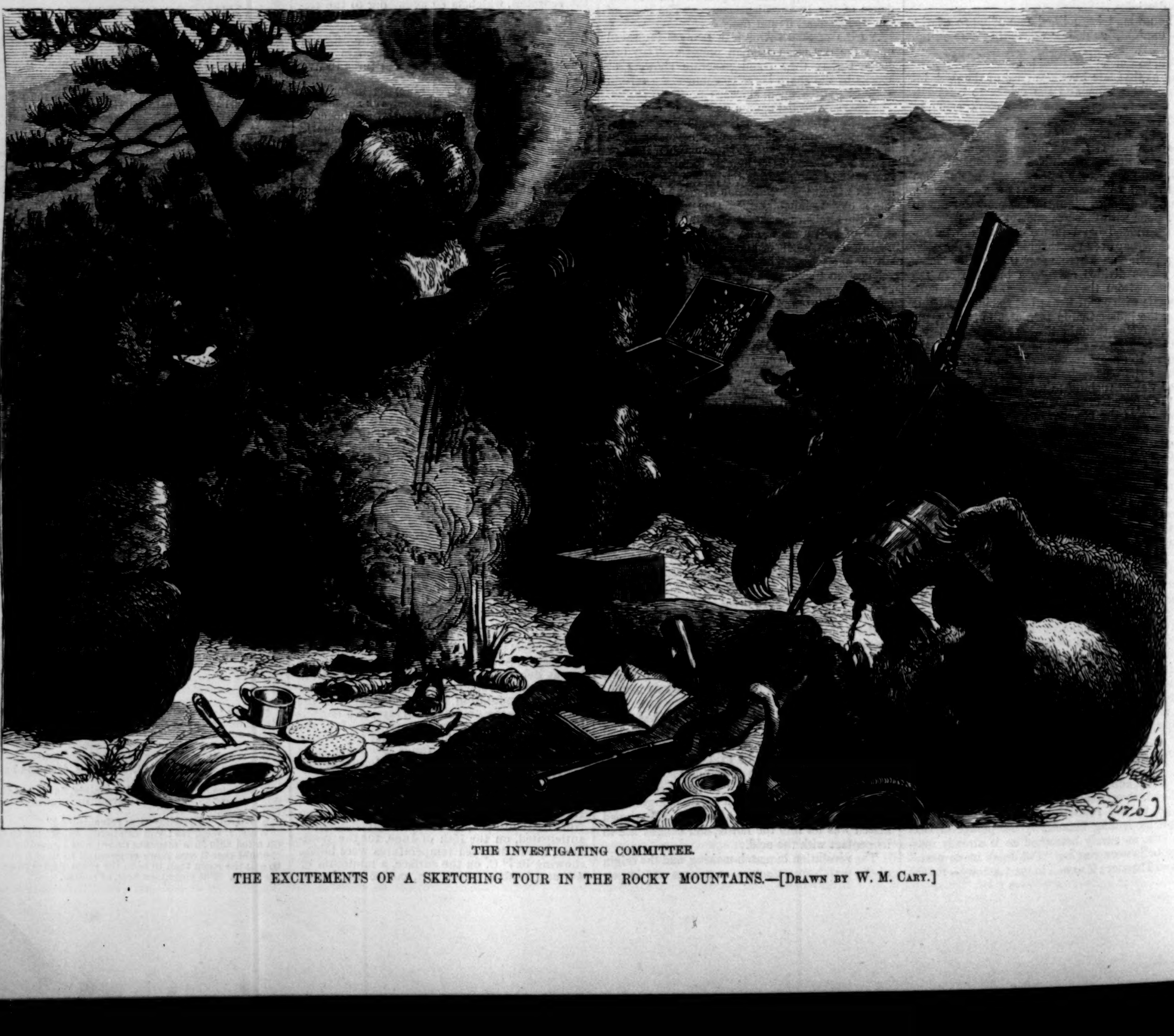
Wife (*with cutting irony*). "Certainly, darling, if you don't mind the expense of having the drawing-room refurnished."

Husband. "Drawing-room refurnished?"

Wife. "Well, yes; you can hardly expect me to sit on a red sofa in a magenta dress; and I should have thought that it was more economical to have a dress to suit the room than to have the room altered to suit the dress. But you know best, of course."

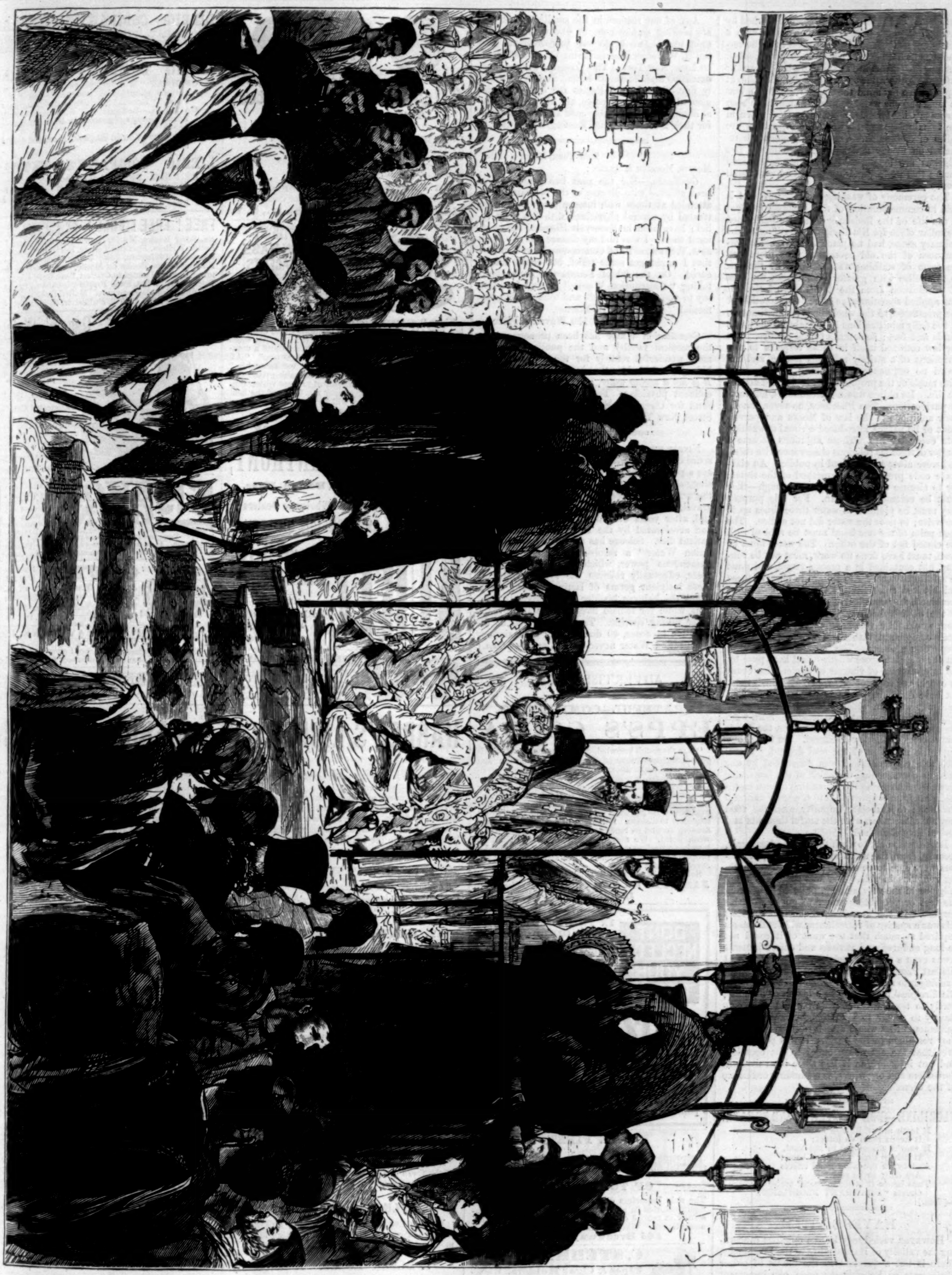


"COME BACK, PILGRIMS, COME BACK!"



THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

THE EXCITEMENTS OF A SKETCHING TOUR IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—[DRAWN BY W. M. CARY.]



THE HOLY LAND—WASHING THE PILGRIMS' FEET.

WASHING THE PILGRIMS' FEET.

The above engraving gives a view of the porch of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem as it appears during the ceremonial of washing the feet of pilgrims, which takes place on Maundy-Thursday. This name is derived from *mandatum*, the first word of the service which is usually chanted on the occasion. The washing of the pilgrims' feet is a very ancient usage, being referred to by St. Augustine. In ancient times it was accompanied by a distribution of "doles," which were handed to the pilgrims in small baskets, thence called "maunds." In the royal usage of the maunds in England the number of doles distributed was reckoned according to the years of the monarch. Generally the custom was to have them distributed by the Lord High Almoner, but James II. performed the ceremony in person. In most mediæval countries the maunds were given in all the great houses; and in England, in the Household Book of the Earl of Northumberland, which begins in 1512, there are entries of "al maner of things yerly yevin by my lorde of his Maundy and my laidis and his lordshippis childeren."

At Rome the ceremony of washing the feet is connected with other rites instituted for the benefit of pilgrims. It takes place at the Trinità de' Pellegrini—an establishment adapted for the accommodation of pilgrims, and situated in one of the most populous parts of the city. Poor persons are admitted to the benefit of the charity who have come to visit the holy places from a greater distance than sixty miles, and who bring a certificate from their bishop. The ceremonies on the evening of Holy-Thursday consist of washing the feet of pilgrims of both sexes, the men in one place and the women in another. To the female department ladies only are admitted as spectators. After the feet-washing each class is entertained at supper. The following account of the ceremony is by an eye-witness: "I went to the feet-washing of the male pilgrims about eight o'clock. On entering a passage I saw a tremendous crush at the further end, where there was a door opening on a lower floor, in which the ceremony takes place. With some little squeezing I got through a doorway, down a few steps, and found myself in a hot, close apartment crowded to suffocation. Along one end and side was a bench to be used as a seat, with a foot-board raised off the floor. A paling and guards kept back the crowd. In half an hour a troop of poor-looking people, very much resembling the ragged beggars whom one sees in the streets of Rome, entered by a side door, and ranging themselves along the bench, proceeded to take off their shoes and stockings. Several priests now appear, and one of them having read some prayers, they join the body of operators. These are gentlemen and persons in business in Rome, who form a confraternity devoted to this and other acts of charity. They are habited in a red jacket, a little cravat, and apron, and sit chatting and laughing until the tubs with warm water are brought in and set one before each poor person. They now begin the operation of washing, the general remark of the on-lookers being that to all appearance the feet had previously been cleansed, so that the act of voluntary humiliation does not seem particularly nauseous, nor does it last long. The priests get their hands washed by having hot water poured on them along with a squeeze of lemon, and another prayer ends the ceremony, which, to say the least of it, is not pleasing. The pilgrims afterward adjourn to a hall, where, at long tables, the same operators wait upon them at supper. To my mind the whole thing had a got-up look, and one wonders how it should have been perpetuated. Similar ceremonies take place in the female department, where the operators are ladies of distinction. These ceremonies are repeated on Friday and Saturday evenings. The pilgrims are lodged and otherwise entertained during this period, and are dismissed with small money presents."

The ceremony of washing the pilgrims' feet is held in commemoration of that pathetic incident in the life of the Redeemer when He performed a similar office for His disciples. Bathing, in the ordinary sense, had no place in the religious ordinances of the old covenant. The more active form of washing was required by the law to symbolize with greater distinctness the idea of purification from the defilement of sin. It was applied sometimes, as at the consecration of the priesthood, to the whole body; sometimes, as at the daily ministrations in the tabernacle, to the hands and feet; sometimes to the clothes. But the law confined itself in these respects to prescriptions of a strictly religious nature, and imposed no ordinances of washing in connection with meals or the proprieties of social and domestic life. Its object was not cleanliness, but moral purification. The Pharisees, however, among their additions to the law of Moses and perversions of its nature, introduced a ritual of washing into every-day life. These ablutions became a matter of rigorous religious observance with them, and were always performed in public. An elaborate code prescribed the method of the ritual; for to cleanse the hands was not enough—they must be ceremonially clean. For this purpose they must be plunged in water three times up to the wrist; to pour the water did not suffice. The open palm of the one hand must be rubbed with the closed fist of the other. The water must be fresh, must have done no work, must not be running, but contained in a proper vessel, and must be a full quartern. Any failure to observe these and kindred rules vitiated the whole ceremony. Combined, they constituted a considerable treatise in the Jewish Mishna. The commentaries on them would fill a volume, for what really constituted compliance with them was a perpetually perplexing problem. The water must be fresh; but the question arose whether that kept pure by the intermixture of vinegar or lemon juice could be considered ceremonially fresh. Again, it must not have done any work; but whether that had done any work in which fish had been bred or eggs boiled was a point to be decided. Such were the problems which, with serious faces, the Pharisaic doctors of the law discussed. On these they made the salvation of the soul depend. Therefore this ceremonialism was denounced by our Lord as contravening the spirit of the law under pretense of honoring it; as tending to turn men's thoughts from a spiritual into a merely material direction; to associate impurity with the food they ate rather than with the sinful thoughts and desires they cherished.

It was customary to wash the hands after meals, because, from the usual mode of eating, the fingers were sure to be defiled; but there was nothing religious in this. Nor was there any thing religious in the very common practice of washing the feet or presenting water to guests for this purpose. In the hot, dusty regions of the East this was a species of refreshment which all classes required so much that the want of it could not be long endured, and at visits and entertainments it was even a mark of incivility to neglect it. At His last Passover, our Lord turned this customary washing into a symbolical action when He washed His disciples' feet, partly as a lesson of humility, partly to teach them that they would need constantly to repair to Him to be cleansed of the defilements that would attach to them so long as they remained in the world. It was plain, however, that the act was peculiar to the occasion, and not intended, as it has since been made at Jerusalem and elsewhere, as a standing ordinance of the Church.

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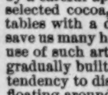

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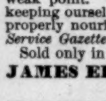

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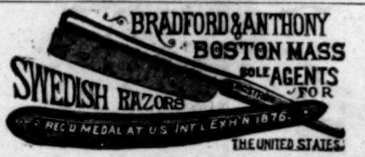

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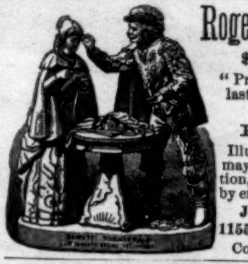

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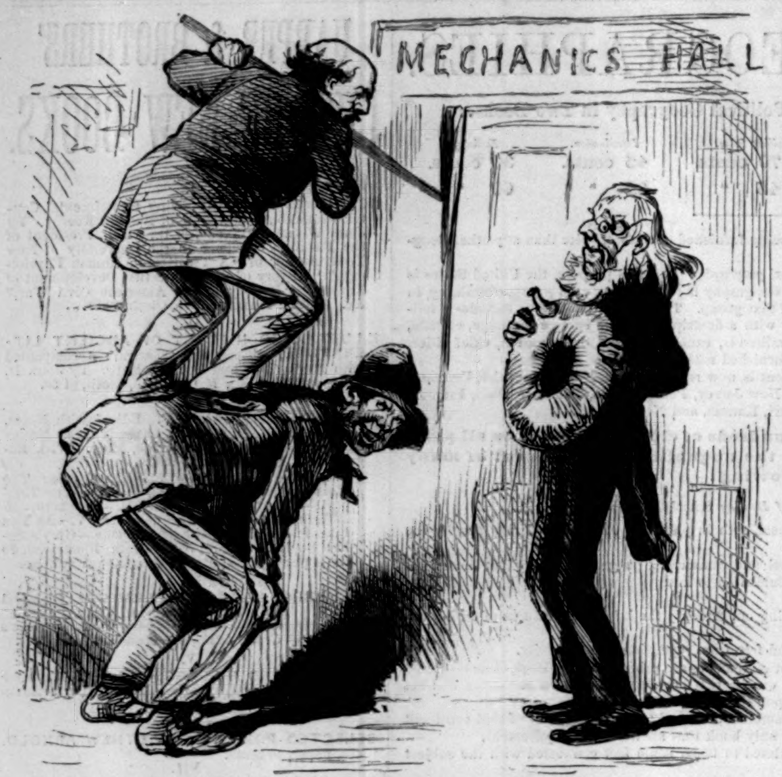

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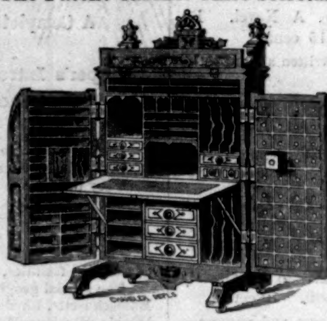

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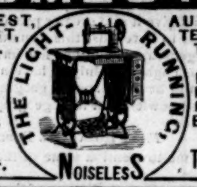

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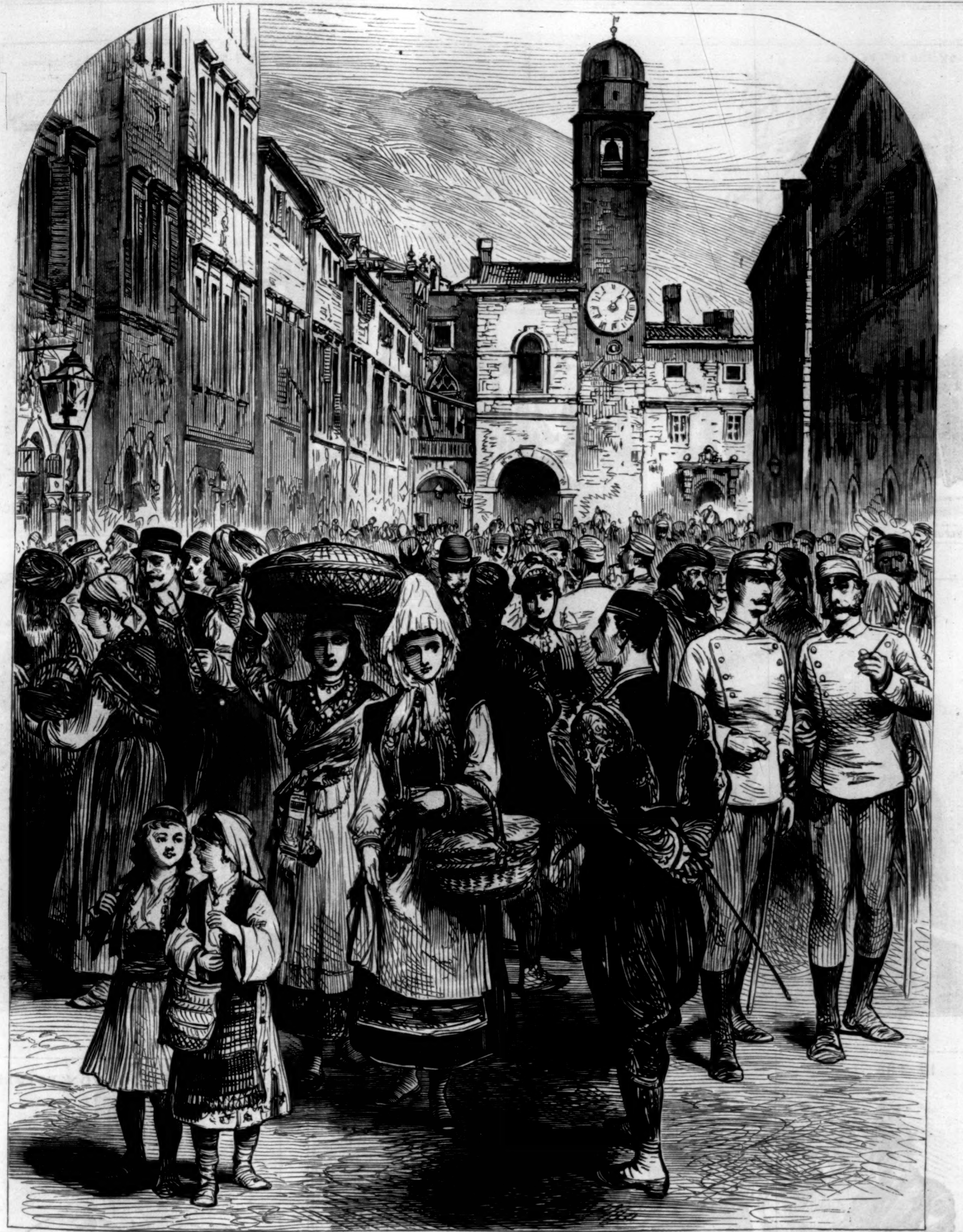

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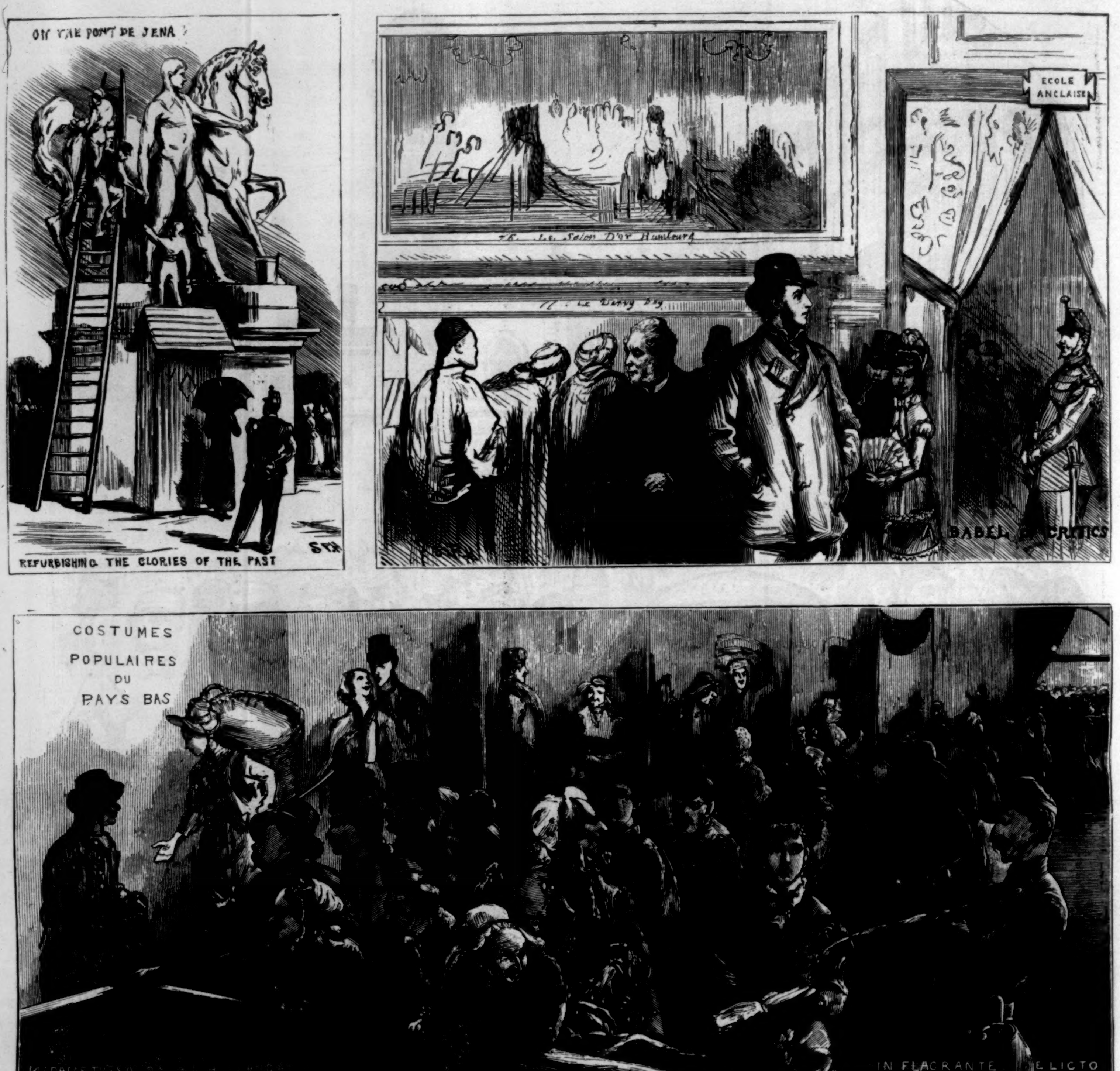
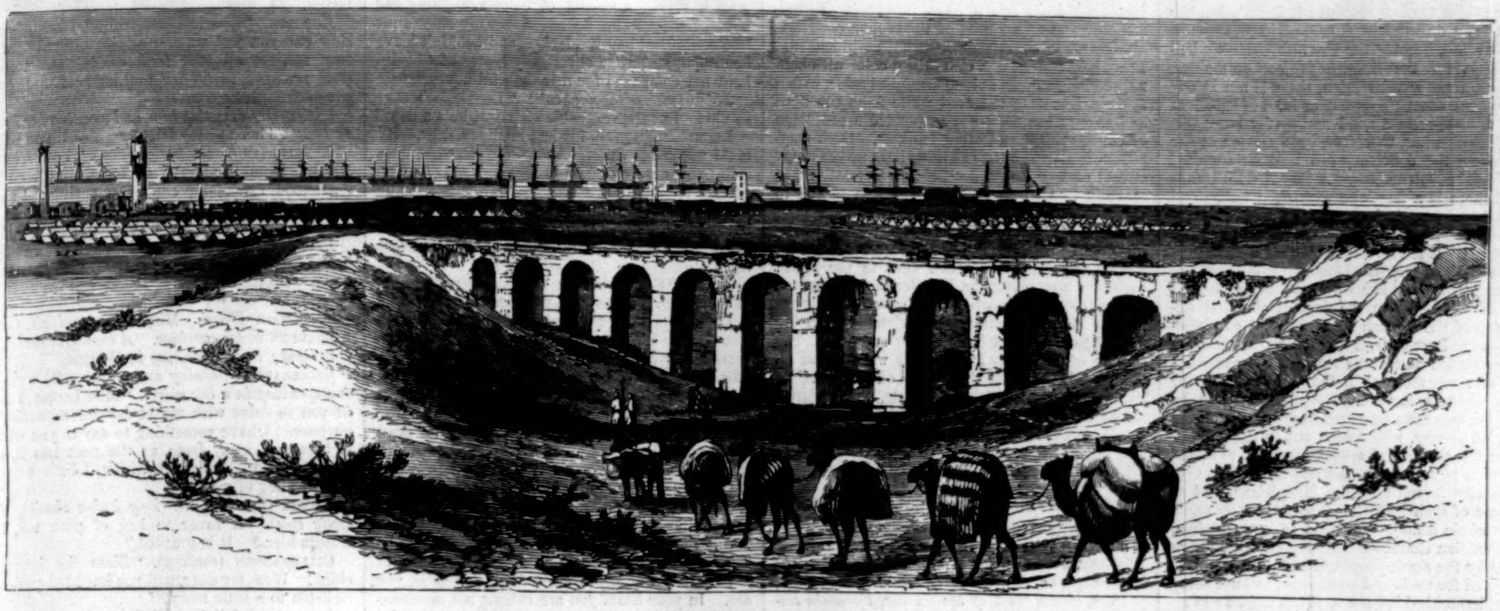
FEW of the cities of the Old World can boast a more ancient birth or aristocratic lineage than Ragusa, in the Austrian province of Dalmatia. Daughter of the gods, her citizens can trace their lineal descent from the Greco-Roman republic of Epidaurus. Like ancient Rome, Ragusa began life as an asylum. When the Sclavonic inhabitants, descending from the mountains of the interior, destroyed the city of Epidaurus, the Roman survivors emigrated in a body to the present site of Ragusa, then a peninsula rock. By birthright a city of refuge, her rise and progress were mainly due to the policy of defending, at any cost, her rights of hospitality. Again and again Ragusa consented to see her territory ravaged and her walls beleaguered on account of the protection which her senate offered to the unfortunate. To Ragusa must be accorded the honor of having possessed the first foundling hospital and the first loan bank in the civilized world. Again, if we except the early English legislation which put a stop to the traffic in human beings at Bristol, Ragusa was the first state to pass laws abolishing the slave-trade. In the year 1416 the great council of Ragusa passed a law that any one who henceforth sold a slave should be liable to a fine and six months' imprisonment. During the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries large sums were left by philanthropic citizens of Ragusa to be spent in purchasing the freedom of slaves. The virtues of the mediæval Ragusans were of the most severe type. Her heroes resembled those of ancient Rome; her senate forbade the erection of a theatre; the fine arts were pushed into the background, while science and literature took the lead.

The literary and commercial prosperity of ancient Ragusa continued to the middle of the seventeenth century, suffering little abatement from a plague which, in 1526, destroyed twenty thousand of the inhabitants. A worse catastrophe than this, however, overtook her in 1667, in the shape of a tremendous earthquake shock. Not only was the whole city overwhelmed, but one-fifth of the population was buried in the ruins. From this blow Ragusa never recovered. Her commerce was for a long time reduced to a petty coast traffic. Her literature, indeed, partly revived; and during the early years of the French war the neutrality of Ragusa secured for her once more the Mediterranean carrying trade. At the close of the last century she had so far recovered herself that her population amounted to fifteen thousand. But in 1806 NAPOLEON seized Ragusa, and two years later an adjutant of General MARMONT announced that the republic of Ragusa had ceased to exist. After this it remained for the diplomatists of the allied powers to consummate in cold blood what the French Emperor had begun. At the signing of the Treaty of Vienna an English plenipotentiary placed his signature to a document by which the ancient republic was handed over to the government of Austria. Since that date Ragusa has been the head town of a circle, and the stately palace of her rulers has sunk into the "bureau" of an Austrian *Kreischef*.

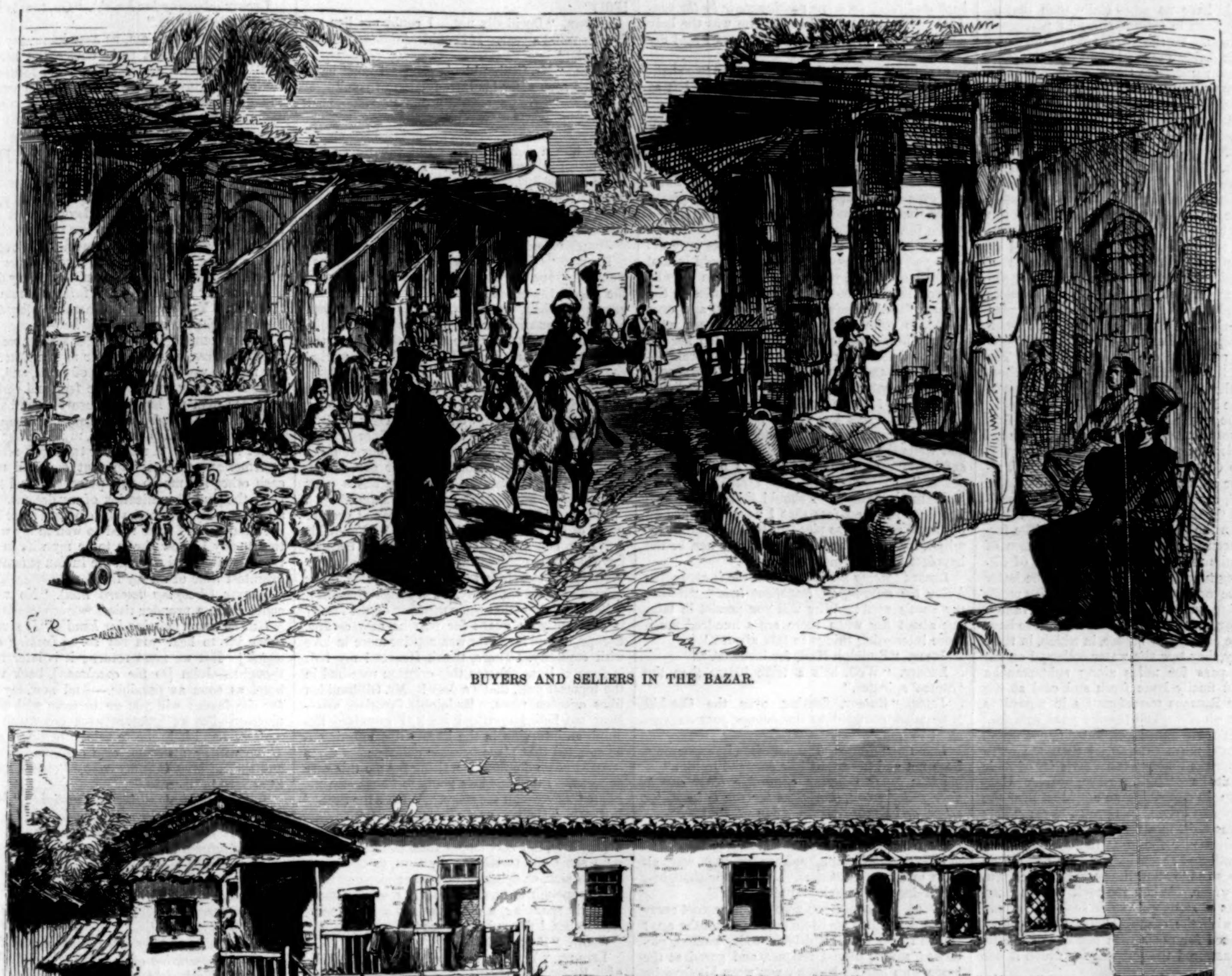
The Ragusa of to-day has lost all but the memory of her ancient prestige. With her ruined architecture, her scanty population, and the complete decadence of her commerce, she has sunk to the level of an Eastern manufacturing town, with this difference, that every where there are relics of a glorious past. The traveller may spend days wandering about Ragusa, exploring her streets, her churches and monasteries, her palaces, and the private houses of her citizens, lighting always on some interesting memorial. In the meanest houses, in the old walls, and in the pavement there are fragments of sculptured marble—waifs from the stately edifices of Ragusa as they existed before the earthquake. Not one of the narrow side streets but has its sculptured doorways and mouldings. Otherwise, however, the thoroughfares present but little attraction. The blight that has fallen upon the city is seen but too plainly in the air and costume of the inhabitants. Where stately carriages once rolled, conveying the nobles back and forth to senate and public assembly, are now seen the rough soldiers of Austria chatting carelessly with market girls, while Turk and Christian hawk their goods about promiscuously, urging them upon chance travellers whom curiosity has brought to explore the decayed city. In one thing only does Ragusa retain her ancient character. She is still a city of refuge, offering an asylum to many an unfortunate fleeing from the adjacent war-distracted provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina.


ON THE PONT DE JENA
REFURBISHING THE GLORIES OF THE PAST
76. Le Salon D'or Hambourg
77. Le Derby Day
ECOLE ANGLAISE
A BABEL OF CRITICS
COSTUMES POPULAIRES DU PAYS BAS
MADAME TUSSAUD'S
IN FLAGRANTE DELICTO
IN THE LOUVRE
MARTYRS TO ART.
VOX POPULI
S.P.K

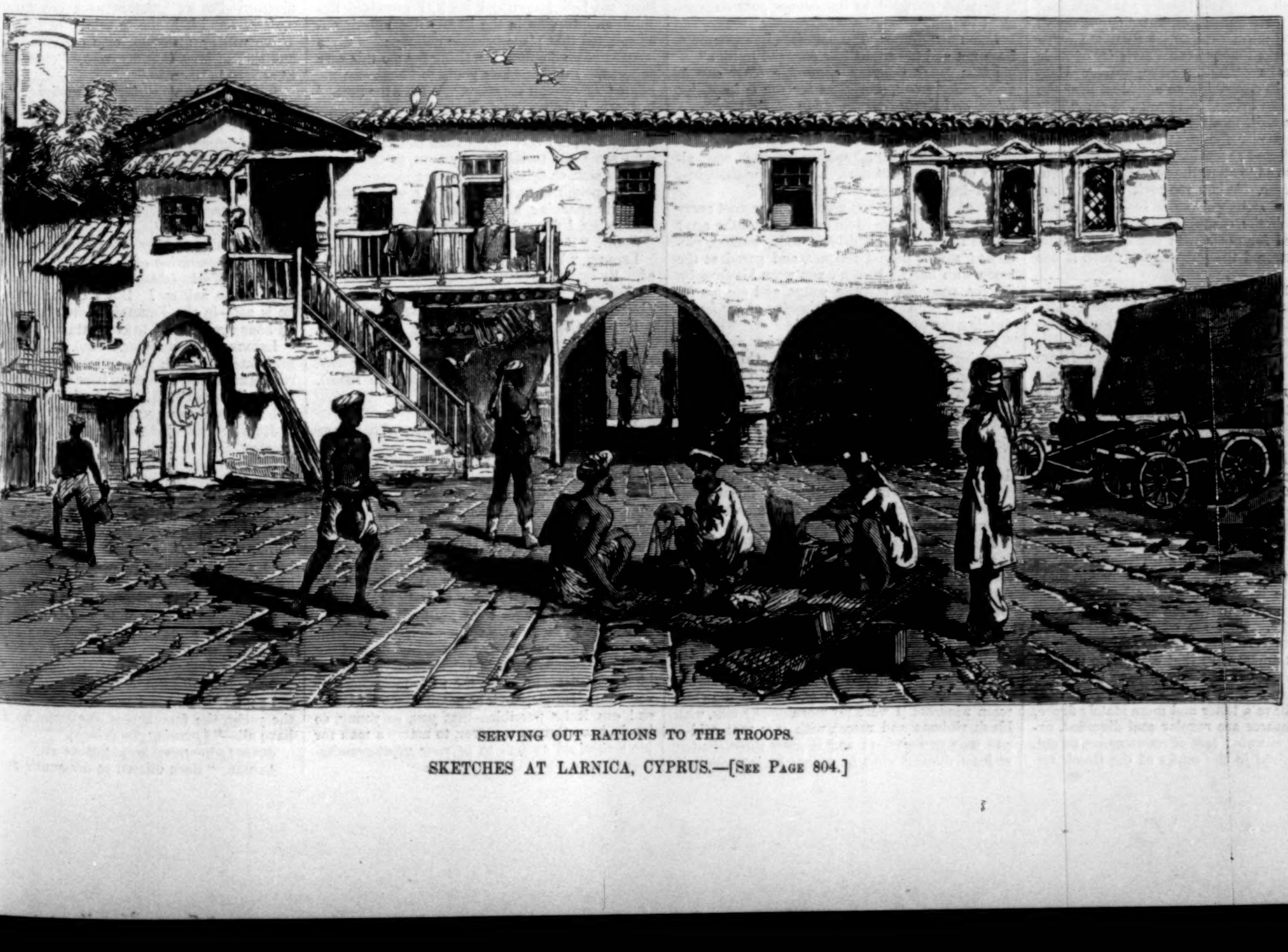
SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.



REMAINS OF ANCIENT AQUEDUCT.



BUYERS AND SELLERS IN THE BAZAR.



SERVING OUT RATIONS TO THE TROOPS.

SKETCHES AT LARNICA, CYPRUS.—[See Page 804.]